LANA TURNER'S Fight for Happiness!

modern screen

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FEB 17 1950

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SPECIAL
Elizabeth Taylor
ISSUE

L MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE
ELL
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Lovelier arms Lovelier legs Lovelier you!

The Camay Beauty Bath gives your arms and legs, your shoulders and back the finest kind of complexion care. Yes, you'll be lovelier from head to toes, if you bathe every day with the new Bath-Size Camay. And you'll rise from your bath clean and refreshed, with your skin just touched with the delicate flower-like fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

A CAMAY BATH'S
A BEAUTY TREATMENT!



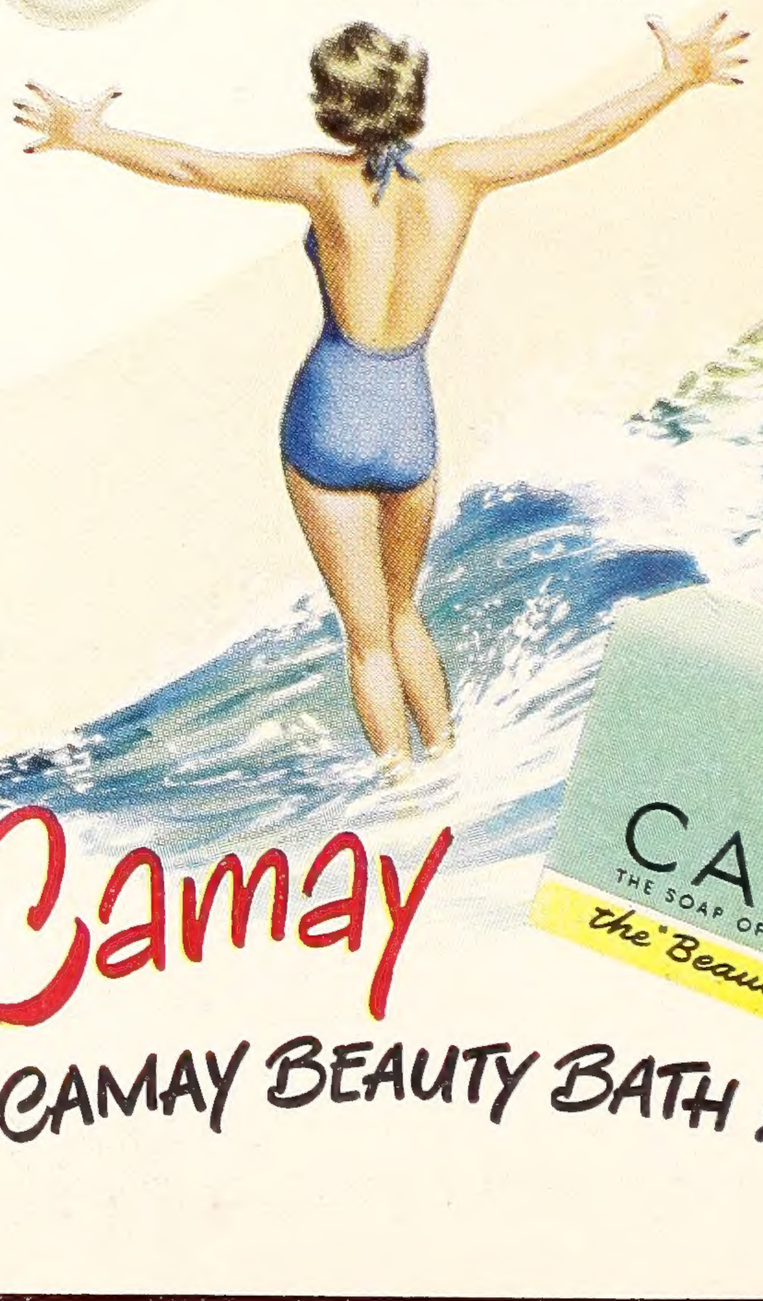
BATH-SIZE GIVES YOU
LOTS MORE LATHER!



SHOW THE WORLD
A DAINTIER SKIN!

YOUR GLAMOUR GROWS—
FROM HEAD TO TOES!

BIG NEW CAKE—SAME
GENTLE, MILD CAMAY!



MAKES ME SMELL
LIKE A PRETTY FLOWER!

Bath-Size Camay
for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

Keep your WHOLE mouth WHOLESOME!



Your mouth and breath are more wholesome—sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give this double protection*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, dentists warn you to *protect your gums as well as your teeth.*

For gum troubles not only cause more tooth losses than decay. Unhealthy teeth and gums BOTH breed unpleasant breath.

That's why you need to fight tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with *doubly-effective* Ipana care*.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For *every* time you use Ipana, you combat the bacteria that cause cavities.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially made to fight gum troubles, too. For Ipana's unique formula stimulates gum circulation—promotes healthier gums.

So get Ipana's double protection—to help keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* You'll like that wholesome Ipana flavor, too. It's refreshing.

***Here's doubly-effective Ipana care**

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* Get Ipana today.



NEW!

Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Healthier teeth, healthier gums... IPANA for Both!

NOW! PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!



Exhaustive Research by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before It Starts!

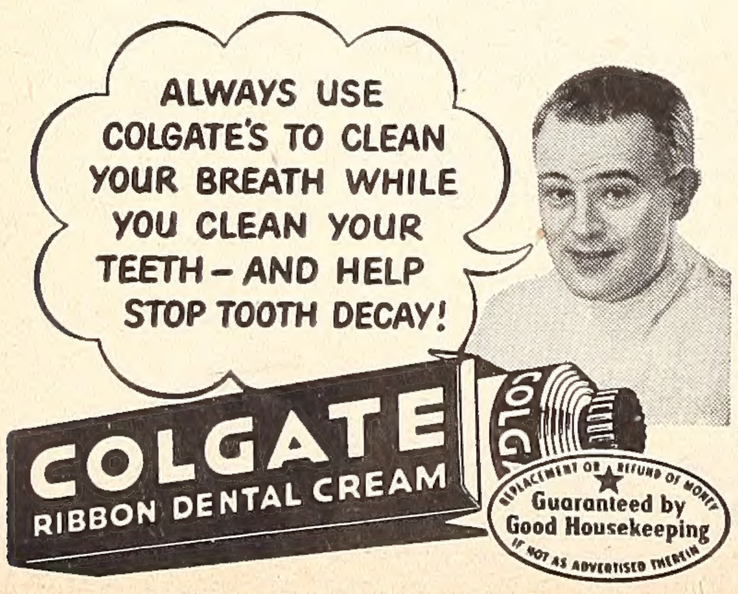
Now, the toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth, offers a *proved* way to help stop tooth decay before it starts! 2 years' continuous research at leading universities—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most *conclusive* proof in all dentifrice research on tooth decay!

Colgate's contains all the necessary ingredients, including an exclusive *patented* ingredient, for effective daily dental care. No risk of irritation to tissues and gums! And no change in flavor, foam, or cleansing action!



No Other Dentifrice Offers Proof of These Results!

Modern research shows tooth decay is caused by mouth acids which are at their worst right after eating. Brushing teeth with Colgate's as directed helps remove acids before they harm enamel. And Colgate's penetrating foam reaches crevices between teeth where food particles often lodge. No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream as directed is a safe, *proved* way to help stop tooth decay!



MARCH, 1950

modern screen

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with

FRANK MORGAN
Marilyn Maxwell
James Gleason
Lewis Stone
Raymond Walburn

Screen Play by Robert Riley Crutcher • Based on a story by Albert Beich • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

No other Deodorant gives you this thrilling

6-POINT PROTECTION



"DEW"®

SPRAY DEODORANT

JUST SQUEEZE FLEXIBLE BOTTLE!

"DEW" SPRAYS ITSELF ON!

Only "DEW" Gives You All 6 Important Advantages

1 STOPS ODOR INSTANTLY! Yet is absolutely safe. Can't irritate normal skin. "DEW" protects you, protects your clothes.

2 CHECKS PERSPIRATION! Keeps you socially secure 24 hours a day.

3 CONTAINS RETSELANE!® Only "DEW" can use this amazing new ingredient.

4 SAVES MONEY! Year's supply only 98¢ plus tax—less than 2¢ a week!

5 DAINTIER THAN CREAMS! Not messy. Never touches hands, nails. Dries quickly. Men, too, like "DEW".

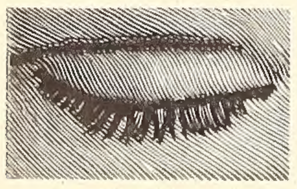
6 MAGICAL SPRAY BOTTLE! Unbreakable, squeezable.

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WHEN YOU "DEW" YOU DON'T OFFEND

SAFE EYE-GENE

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

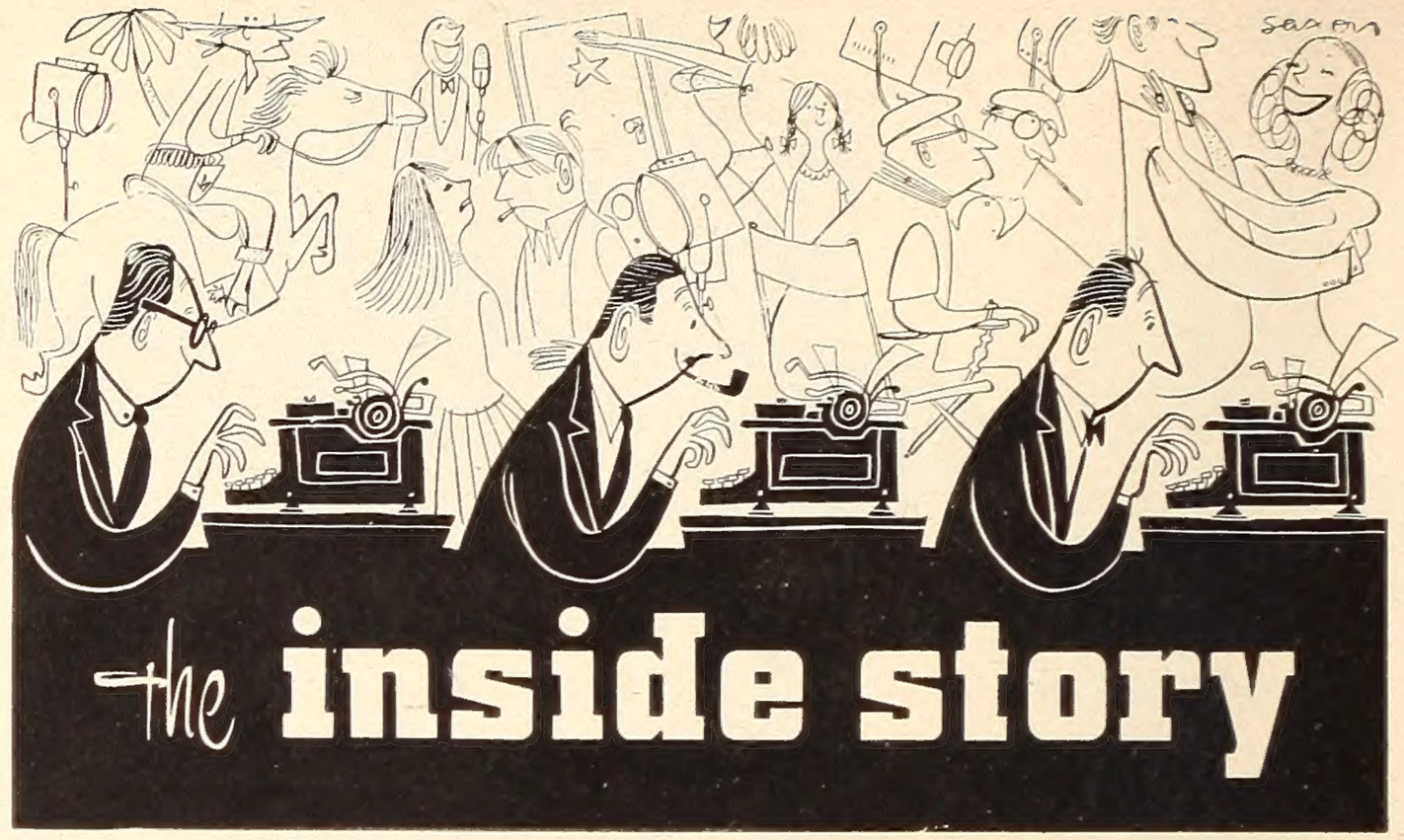


Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . . Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

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the inside story

IMPRESSED WITH our great beauty on the day we were born, our fond and foolish parents started a photographic album of us and kept it up in desultory fashion for a few years. One snapshot shows us sitting precariously on a Shetland Pony (stuffed) and as a poignant reminder of our roller-skating days, there is one looking as gap-toothed and charming as a Hallowe'en lantern. We'd grown to love those mementoes of our flown youth—or at least thought them fairly indicative of the human race—but that was before we'd seen Elizabeth Taylor's album. Here was perfection! Here was beauty! Inspired, we forgot all about our ego and decided to devote a whole 12-page section to the lovely star. Beginning on page 44 you'll find stories and pictures about her childhood, her career and—more important—the men in her life!

JOAN EVANS' parents, writers Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson, knew they had an actress on their hands almost immediately. It seems every time she cut a finger or fell off her kiddie car, Joan would go into an act that sounded like the last minutes of *Macbeth*. Later, in addition to tragedienne-type problems, they had adolescent ones as well. You see . . . But we'll let Katherine Albert tell you all about them in *Bringing Up Joan* on page 32.

KIRK DOUGLAS is a Man Of Mystery. At least he does things that strike us as mysterious. For instance, out of the black night, he'll appear at a friend's house. Purpose? Oh, he just wants a shower, that's all. Don't think he hasn't a shower at his own house. He's the proud possessor of house, shower and two small boys. Well, maybe you can clear up the mystery. You'll find it on page 34 under *Man At Large*.

COMING FROM a long, long line of British generals, lance corporals, subalterns and pukka sahibs, Peter Lawford was almost fated to follow in their footsteps. But he saw a movie once and decided *that* was for him. There was lots of talk about his being "cut off without a penny" but Pete managed to survive nicely, thank you—as his mother relates in *Speaking of My Son* on page 28.

TO OUR completely unbiased eye (our other eye is just *slightly* unbiased), our April issue shapes up beautifully. John Derek . . . Ruth Roman . . . Doris Day . . . Betsy Drake . . . Jeanne Crain . . . they're all in it!

ANYBODY WITH two bits is just plain foolish if he doesn't run out *now* and get his copy of HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK. It's crammed full of every important fact and event that took place in Hollywood this year. MODERN SCREEN'S ex-bosses, Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen, have put some wonderful stories and exciting pictures in it for you. We think they've done a splendid, magnificent, glorious, sterling and peachy job, and that you will, too. Remember— HOLLYWOOD YEARBOOK.



What her eyes have seen!
what her heart has known!
what her love has lived through!





This is a *True Story*... one of the great personal stories of our time... told the way it happened – to one woman who will live it forever!



From the best-selling Book-of-the-Month and Reader's Digest sensation by Agnes Newton Keith!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents a shattering new experience for you!

Three Came Home

starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

with Patric Knowles • Florence Desmond • Sessue Hayakawa
Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO • Produced by NUNNALLY JOHNSON
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the Book by Agnes Newton Keith

20th CENTURY-FOX



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



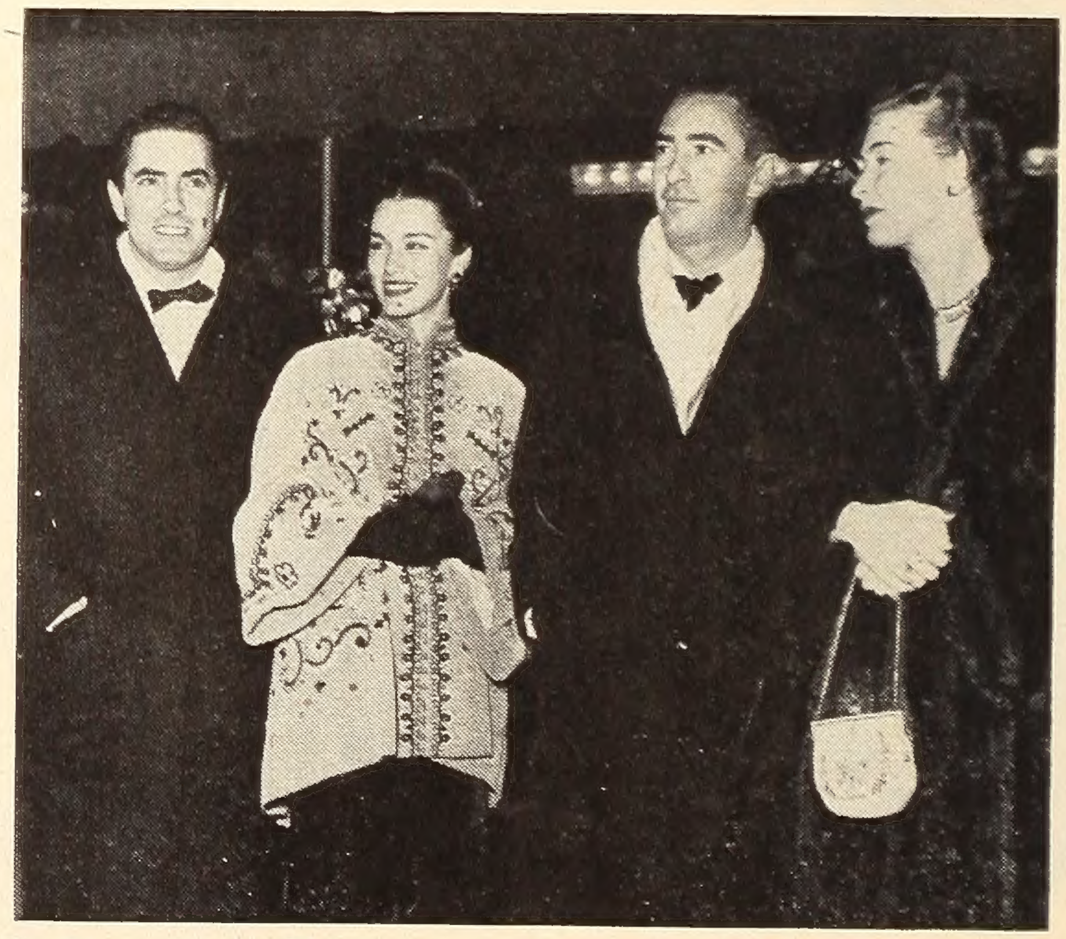
Geary Steffen and Jane Powell, obviously finding married life a happy undertaking, attend the Hollywood première of *Battleground*. Such "big" openings are occurring more and more often.



Janet Leigh thanks a fan outside the *Battleground* première for his well-displayed admiration. Janet's escort, Arthur Loew, Jr., thoughtfully studies the sentiment—which he probably shares.



Joan Crawford is escorted to the première of *The Hasty Heart* by daughter Christina and son Christopher. Joan recently complained she spends most evenings at home—wishing for a date!



Ty Power, Linda Christian and the Macdonald Careys turned out for the *12 O'clock High* première. With a black velvet dress, Linda wears a turquoise mandarin jacket—and an oriental hair-do.



Cary Grant and Betsy Drake look loving but thoughtful—as is quite appropriate for a couple on the verge of flying to Arizona to be married. The ceremony, at first planned for a week earlier, took place Christmas.



June Haver and Kirk Douglas display the golden apples presented to them by the Hollywood Women's Press Club as 1949's "most cooperative" actress and actor. "Most uncooperative" were H. Lamarr and H. Bogart.

■ I can tell my readers of MODERN SCREEN that the lovely, blonde Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley had no idea that she was going to marry "King" Clark Gable 48 hours before she did on Tuesday, December 20.

The previous Saturday she and Clark had lunched with Minna Wallis, who'd re-introduced them at a dinner months ago. That night they had dinner with Charles Feldman and agreed to dine with him again Tuesday.

Tuesday morning, the telephone rang and Sylvia said to Charlie, "Something has happened. We cannot have dinner with you, but you'll hear from us later." The "something" was her elopement with Gable! Charlie didn't know a thing about it until he heard it over the radio.

Minna said she was never so surprised in her life. She said that Clark and Sylvia hadn't been with each other very much since their meeting because Sylvia had been in Europe most of the time. She slipped back into town about two weeks before the wedding and then the romance started again.

How did Clark happen to marry the three-times-married Sylvia, called one of the most handsome women in the world and named on every best dressed list? Well, I'll tell you:

Sylvia, I think, reminds me a little of Carole Lombard. When he first married Carole, she didn't like to fish, hunt, and was not an outdoors girl. But she adapted herself to Clark's ways, and I think Sylvia will do the same.

After all, she is English and she enjoys outdoor life, even though she seems to be a hot-house plant and looks so fragile.

Let me tell you a cute little story about the elopement you may not have heard:

The morning of the day they secretly planned to drive up to San Luis Obispo and get their license, Clark called his bride-to-be. "Honey," he said, "We are going to have to use *your* car. Mine was sideswiped driving home from your house last night, and the whole side is smashed in! And that little English car of mine is too conspicuous—they'll spot it!"

So King Gable had to borrow his Lady's automobile to rush off and get married.

Howard Strickling, head of MGM publicity and Clark's best friend, who was best man, told me: "During the ceremony, tears came into Sylvia's eyes and started to run down her face. When Clark turned to her after the ceremony and started to take her in his arms, he first kissed her eyelids—and if you ask me, that big lug's eyes were moist, too. But happy! I haven't seen Clark that happy in years and years."

The whole thing was so sudden, they haven't made up their minds whether they will live in his house, or her house at the beach, or whether they will buy a new place in Beverly Hills.

But before he left, Clark left word that the master bedroom suite at his house was to be completely redecorated while they are gone. His instructions were, "'Get my hunting and fishing things out of there, make it look more—frilly and feminine!"

All I can add is—I wish them worlds of happiness and joy and I sincerely believe they have found it.

(For further details on Clark Gable's marriage, see page 30.—ED.)

* * *

Another major-star marriage—though of course, by no means the surprise that Clark Gable's was—was Cary Grant's to Betsy Drake on Christmas Day. For many months this marriage had been rumored as being about to take place, but while Cary had definitely said that he hoped to make Betsy his bride, she had refused to say publicly whether or not she'd have him for a husband right up to the time of their elopement. But it had been obvious that Cary was the only man in her life.

The couple was flown from Hollywood to Phoenix, Arizona, by Howard Hughes in his own private plane and they were married very quietly at a desert home 20 miles from the city. The Reverend Stanley M. Smith performed the marriage rites.

The couple had been all set to fly to Phoenix to be married on December 19, but there was such a downpour of rain that flying was unsafe. I heard about this at the time, but considered it to be merely another of the wild rumors about them.

But I did know that they planned to be married sometime in the holidays. I had learned this from something Cary said one afternoon when he and Betsy came to my house for tea.

Cary first met Betsy, and was immediately smitten, two years ago when they were aboard ship returning from England.

For both of them, this marriage certainly

have a
"party hair-do"
all day long



with
Gayla*
HOLD·BOB*
bobby pins

Lovely hair-do . . . lovely dress—
of course you feel glamorous when
you're ready for a party! Now *keep*
that "party look" all day long with
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins! So easy
to open. *Hold better!* Gayla HOLD-BOB
sets curls beautifully, keeps hair-dos
lovely. There is no finer bobby pin.



More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB *than all*
other bobby pins combined!

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Coleen Gray, Bing Crosby's leading lady in Paramount's *Riding High,* helps Santa at a N.Y.C. kids' party given by Dell Publishing Co. with cooperation of the Salvation Army. The other assistant is Herb Polesie, panel member of Mutual's *20 Questions* radio and TV show.

came as the nicest Christmas present Santa Claus could have thought of! Having such congenial tastes, they should be very happy together.

* * *

When I walked in to Don Loper's cocktail party for newlyweds Janet Thomas and Gogi (he's the famous New York restaurateur) and saw Bing Crosby there, I nearly fell over. For years, Hollywood hostesses have been trying to bait Bing to attend their cocktail parties—and no go.

But I can tell you—when he does show up, he has a good time for himself. No sitting in corners and not mixing for El Bingo. And, believe it or not, he was a picture of sartorial splendor, wearing a dark blue suit, white shirt and gray tie—*très élégant.*

Soon after Bing arrived, Cornel Wilde came in wearing slacks and a turtle-necked white sweater minus a coat.

Bing took a look at him and cracked, "He looks like I'm supposed to!"

Come to think of it—I think Emily Post should have a word with some of our stars about dressing correctly for the occasion. I've never seen such an assorted array of clothes for this affair, which was quite formal.

Angela Lansbury was in a strictly tailored suit, no hat or gloves. Sylvia Sidney had on a black dress with red chandelier earrings that hung to her shoulders. Mrs. Van Heflin, Mrs. Reggie Gardiner, Mrs. Lee Bowman were all in correct cocktail dresses and looking very stunning.

Judy Garland, too, was all dressed up in a black dress, feathered hat and—something new—a feathered bag to match.

* * *

Esther Williams and Ben Gage opened a Western-type café which serves very good food. You would think the place would be jumpin' and jivin' with fans hoping to see the beautiful proprietress and her star friends, wouldn't you?

But, for some reason unknown to experts, the fans have not yet discovered it and continue to hang around the old standbys, such as Mocambo and Ciro's. So, many well-known stars dine at Esther's minus autograph hounds.

Listenin' Post: Isn't there a secret love in Patricia Neal's life she isn't telling us about? I think there is. . . . Somebody got to Shelley Winters and told her she wasn't the type to go around looking "mousey," minus lipstick and with her hair uncurled. So she is back to make-up and good grooming, thank goodness. . . . Their names aren't too much alike but Macdonald Carey gets lots of mail intended for Wendell Corey and vice versa.

I know how much John Derek hates stories about how super-handsome he is. But this is too good to keep:

The other night, at a dinner party, John was seated next to a beautiful, red-headed glamor girl. That is, he was supposed to be seated next to her.

But, before dinner was announced, the redhead got a peek at the seating arrangement and complained violently to the hostess, "I don't want to sit next to him. He's prettier than I am!"

* * *

So you think you want to be a movie star! Listen to Betty Hutton's daily routine while making *Annie Get Your Gun:*

Up at six o'clock. Showers, pins up her hair in a bandana, cold-creams her face (because of constant use of heavy studio make-up plus the dry California climate).

A romp in the nursery with her adorable daughters until 6:45. Then breakfast (poached egg on toast, grapefruit and black coffee) promptly at seven.

The studio at 7:30 with the next hour devoted to shampooing and dressing her hair, getting on her make-up and her costume.

If it's a dance or song day, she goes immediately to the rehearsal stage to run through a routine she has already rehearsed for days. Reason for the "run through" is to see how the dance or song goes when she is dressed in the costume she actually wears on the screen. Sometimes it's found that a costume will hinder a dance step, so quick adjustments must be made.

Then on to the set where she works (and how!) until 12:30. Before she has her lunch, Betty lies down for 15 minutes. The rest relaxes her and keeps her from eating on a "nervous" stomach.

"The Indian bit the dust...but the dust bit me!"

says **MAUREEN O'HARA**, starred in UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S **"COMMANCHE TERRITORY"**



SHOOTING INDIANS IN "COMMANCHE TERRITORY" WAS HARDER ON MY HANDS THAN ON THE INDIANS! DUST TORTURED MY SKIN . . .



I DROVE horses for days with reins rasping my palms . . .



AND GRITTY alkali dust sifting all over my hands . . .



BUT JERGENS LOTION kept them from looking rough and ugly . . .



SO THAT they were soft and lovely for close-ups.



BEING A LIQUID, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend — no heavy oils that merely coat the skin. Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it with this simple test described above . . .



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret . . .

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

Perma-scrub is here!



Makes cleaning pots and pans *child's play*

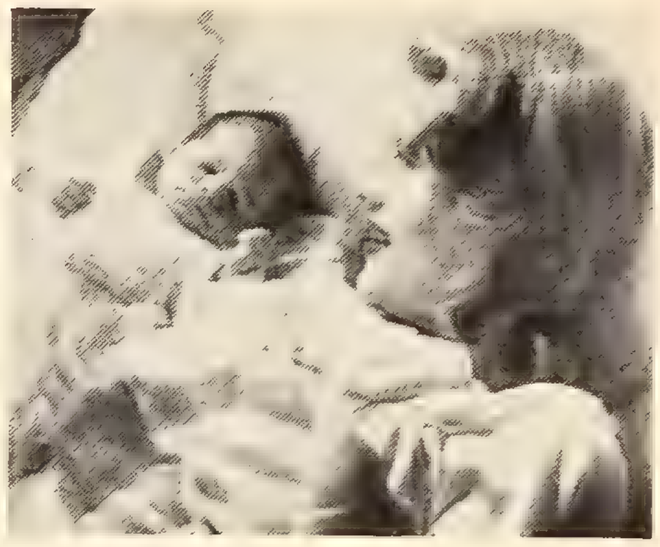
You've never known such a *quick, easy, pleasant* way to clean pots and pans! Perma-scrub actually *lifts off* burned or caked food or grease in a flash. No more sore fingers from metal particles. No more dishwater hands! Comes in many gay colors. Get a Perma-scrub today and banish scouring bother.



OUTMODES OLD-STYLE SCOURING PADS

AT LEADING VARIETY STORES

Modglin Co., Inc., Los Angeles 65, Calif.
New York 16 • Chicago 9 • New Orleans 13



proud parents of a baby girl

At 9:40 in the morning on December 28, Rita Hayworth gave birth to a five-and-a-half pound baby girl at the Montchoisi Clinic in Lausanne, Switzerland. The baby, Aly Khan announced, will be named Yasmin—which is Persian for Jasmine.

Rita, wearing a mink coat over her pajamas, had been rushed to the hospital seven hours before by Aly in one of his fast automobiles. Like many another expectant father, he rather lost his head when his wife told him the blessed event was imminent. For days he had made elaborate plans with the local police and the management of the Palace Hotel, where he and Rita were staying. When the time came, Rita was to be driven carefully to the hospital with a large police escort. However, in the excitement, Aly forgot all about the escort, helped Rita into his car, and sped to the Clinic at 60 miles an hour.

As soon as they had left, hotel employees locked all the hotel doors—so that none of the small army of reporters and photographers staying there could hold things up. After Rita and Aly had a five-minute head start, the doors were unlocked—and the eager gentlemen of the press started in hot pursuit. Aly, who is famous for his fast driving, easily outraced them. In fact, he also outraced the police escort, who belatedly received the news in the form of a secret password given the chief of police over a private telephone by Rita just before she departed.

Aly, unshaven and rumpled after his hours of walking the corridor outside the delivery room but obviously overjoyed, made the announcement to the press at 11:13 that morning. He said, "Rita is all right . . . There were no complications . . . Everything is all right, but Rita suffered severely. The nurse brought the baby into Rita's room so Rita could see her. Rita is very happy."

A spokesman for Rita's doctor, Dr. Rudolphe Rochat—who has delivered babies for several European royal families—had quoted him a few hours before the birth of the baby as saying that surgery might be necessary to aid the delivery. None was, though ether was administered.

Aly was asked the color of his new daughter's hair. He laughed and replied that the baby was born without hair. (But it soon grew in—dark brown.)

Until a few days of the infant's arrival, Rita had insisted, despite numerous reports that her child was about to be born, that she did not expect it until February. Aly told reporters, "Premature babies are not unusual in my family. My previous children were early babies."

Though Rita was born a Roman Catholic, her new child will be raised in the Moslem faith of Aly.

Back to work from 1:30 straight through until six P. M., when she returns to her dressing room for another 15 minute "cat nap" before starting home.

She insists on being home by seven so she can be with the children while they are being put to bed. The next hour, she and Ted Briskin devote to relaxing and talking over the doings of the day.

At eight o'clock she is in bed where she is served a steak, medium-rare, and a whole sliced tomato. Right after dinner—Lights Out!

"It's tough to miss out on all the parties and good times," says Betty, "but it's the only way I can do it!"

* * *

I don't know how in the world Arlene Dahl kept from catching pneumonia at her own cocktail party. In a pouring-down rain, Arlene, wearing a décolleté, off-the-shoulder, beige lace gown, insisted on opening the door herself and greeting her guests, instead of leaving it to a maid or a butler.

'Twas a nice hospitable thing to do—but, oh, *brrrrrrrr!*

It was Arlene's first big party since she clicked as a star and she proved herself a very charming hostess. And original, too. Even though it was the Christmas holiday season, Arlene skipped the obvious decorations and concentrated on a Swedish motif.

Believe me, the hungry gents certainly appreciated the big smorgasbord spread with wonderful cheeses and spiced meats on a huge table. No trays of little hors d'oeuvres for Miss Dahl's guests—and the men particularly enjoyed her idea.

It was hard to tell which handsome bachelor was her beau. Cornel Wilde came solo, so did Lew Ayres and Jack Kennedy, son of former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy.

Two of the prettiest gals there were Esther Williams, in a red velvet cocktail dress, and Maureen O'Sullivan (Mrs. John Farrow) in a stunning blue suit with a matching hat trimmed in red.

* * *

I felt sad talking to John Agar over the phone just a week before Christmas. He had just returned from his p.a. tour (which was

PAID



WHAT SHE DID TO
HER SISTER... NO WOMAN
COULD EVER FORGIVE!...
WHAT SHE DID FOR
HER SISTER... NO WOMAN
WILL EVER FORGET!



IN FULL

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S BITTER VICTORY

Based on the story that captured the imagination of the 40,000,000 readers of The Reader's Digest!

Robert Cummings • Lizabeth Scott • Diana Lynn

in HAL WALLIS' production "PAID IN FULL" with Eve Arden

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • Screenplay by Robert Blees and Charles Schnee

Paramount Pictures

Which Twin has the Toni?



Jean and Jo Ann Corbett of Burbank, Calif. "Toni always gives me a wave that's soft and natural-looking," says the Toni Twin. Can you tell which is she? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist.

Toni looks as lovely as a $20 permanent —feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

Now—*any* day, *any* time—for only one dollar you can get a wave that's caressably soft—like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely, last just as long as a beauty shop permanent costing $20. (*Including shampoo and set.)



What's Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula developed through years of research. This gentle-action formula was especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, *only* Toni Home Permanent gives you this superb waving lotion.

Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Toni is the only permanent that has given over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves. Some women have used Toni ten times or more and say their waves are always soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair. So whether you are buying your first Toni Home Permanent or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave that looks as lovely as a $20 permanent—feels as soft as naturally curly hair. Jean, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For complete hair care get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"I'm not a twin, but since I tried Toni, no other permanent will do for me," says Mrs. Myron Albertson of Los Angeles. "Toni works wonders for my baby-fine hair. Never frizzes it . . . always gives me a soft, natural-looking wave."

TONI *SPIN* CURLERS
twice as easy - twice as fast



All plastic. No rubber bands. They grip the hair . . . spin up the curls . . . and lock with a flick of the finger.

Available in combination with Toni Refill . . . only $2.29



Robert Taylor gets some authoritative six-gun pointers from old-time Western star Hoot Gibson who visited Bob on the set of MGM's *Ambush.*

not a howling success, by the way) and he seemed so depressed.

He was also annoyed over stories that he was seeking a reconciliation with Shirley.

"I haven't seen Miss Temple (*note the 'Miss Temple'*) or my baby since I got home." he said. "But I have gifts for Linda Susan and I've been told I can bring them over Christmas."

I told him I had received a good deal of fan mail praising him for his attitude of silence after Shirley's divorce charges.

"Thank you," he said. "But I can't talk about that. I wish you would do me a favor: Please explain to the fans that I can't answer their letters or questions on that subject. It goes," said John huskily, "too deep."

(*For a complete account of Shirley's divorce trial, see page 22.*—Ed.)

* * *

Ever since Bob Precht was voted "the great lover" of the University of California at Los Angeles campus, and earned the honor of escorting Elizabeth Taylor to Bob Hope's "Great Lover" ball, his life has been just plain hades.

"My fraternity brothers won't leave me alone," Bob reports glumly. "Everybody calls me 'lover-boy'. *Lover boy!* Every class I step into, they all start singing, 'I Can't Get Started With You'. Ugh—that's all I got to say! Ugh!"

But when he was asked if the date with luscious Liz wasn't worth it, Bob grinned.

"She sure is a swell girl," he said guardedly, "and so are her folks!" I hear he didn't dare go further than that—on account of he has a girl of his own.

I must say Elizabeth did a cute thing to keep Bob in good standing with his campus sweetheart. The night Liz stepped out with Bob, she sent his girl a great big orchid corsage with a note, "I'm sure he had rather be with you!"

* * *

The Way The Fan Mail Goes:

Most of you are still bewildered and puzzled over the break-up of Shirley Temple's marriage and I hardly received a letter last month that didn't mention the break.

Kirk Douglas is becoming more and more popular with all of you. You like the way Kirk answers his mail and treats the autograph boys and girls.

John Derek has the younger girls doing nip-ups—and after having him on my radio show, I can tell you he is just as nice as you think he is.

Guess that's all for this month. See you next month!



IN

"Young Man with a Horn"

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

HOAGY CARMICHAEL · JUANO HERNANDEZ

SCREEN PLAY BY CARL FOREMAN AND EDMUND H. NORTH · FROM THE NOVEL BY DOROTHY BAKER · MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

You'll see it soon—following the World Premiere at Radio City Music Hall, New York!

Picture of the Month



In Warners' deeply moving *The Hasty Heart,* Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal and some British Army buddies try hard to cheer up Scot Richard Todd.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane



THE HASTY HEART

■ *The Hasty Heart* is an exceptionally moving film. Its hero is a proud and sullen Scotsman named Laughlin McLaughlin, wonderfully portrayed by Richard Todd, an excellent young newcomer—a newcomer to me, at any rate. Lachie, as McLaughlin is called, is a soldier, wounded in Burma. After an operation, he wants to go home to Scotland, but instead he's transferred to a new ward. The doctor speaks to the nurse (Patricia Neal) in charge of the new ward and to the ward's five men patients (one of them's Ronald Reagan) before Lachie arrives. Tells them Lachie is going to die. One kidney's gone, the other's defective. So be nice to him. Lachie's hard to be nice to, though. Doesn't want any friends because he can't stand to feel beholden to anybody. He's saved up his money and he's going to buy a farm in Scotland. He won't even spare enough to get himself a kilt, though he's always yearned for one. He's maddening, but the men are sorry for him, give him a birthday party, complete with kilt. This breaks his shell. He says nobody in his whole lonely life ever gave him something for nothing before. He's a new man, even asks the nurse to marry him, and she promises. The blow falls when headquarters sends word that Lachie can go home to Scotland if he wants, and he discovers that this special favor has been granted because his days are numbered. Now he's sure the men and the nurse have been kind to him only out of pity, and he feels fiercely betrayed. I won't say any more, except that the picture's climax is painfully moving. When I saw it the audience wept buckets.



Dry skin! "My skin was terribly dry before using Noxzema," says pretty Margaret MacKenzie. "Now it's my regular night cream. I like Noxzema because of its soft texture—and because it's greaseless. It's my regular hand cream, too."



Sensitive skin! "I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin seems to look softer and smoother."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ...OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Doctor Develops New Home Beauty Routine! Helps 4 out of 5 Women in Clinical Tests!

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry, rough skin, externally-caused blemishes, or similar skin problems—here's news!

A famous doctor, using one cream—*medicated* Noxzema—developed a New Beauty Routine! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here's all you do:

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how *really* clean your skin *looks* and *feels*.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.



Blemishes!* "I was very self-conscious about the condition of my skin," says attractive Margaret Young. "Then I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now my skin always looks so much softer, smoother."

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. Noxzema is greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

After using Noxzema only a day or two—notice how the dead, dry cells on the surface of your skin start to flake off. Good! That's what you want! Try it yourself! See if you aren't thrilled to find your complexion looking softer, smoother, lovelier!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was *clinically tested* by doctors with amazing results! Follow the doctor's 4 simple steps for 10 days. If not satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. But you *will* be delighted! See if you don't agree your skin looks softer, smoother, lovelier in 10 days with medicated Noxzema. At all drug and cosmetic counters. **Ask for the Limited Time Special—regular 40¢ jar for only 29¢ plus tax. Get yours today!**

*Externally-caused



Want your hands to look softer, whiter in just 24 hrs.?

Are your hands unattractive—or really lovely? If they're red, rough or chapped from dishwashing, housework—try medicated, *greaseless* Noxzema! In actual Doctors' Tests, this dainty greaseless cream helped 9 out of 10 women to softer, lovelier-looking hands—in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

Try it yourself! Tonight—smooth dainty, snow-white Noxzema on your hands. Look for improvement by tomorrow morning. See if you don't agree your hands look softer, whiter, lovelier—in just 24 hours! If not completely satisfied with results—return the jar—your money cheerfully refunded. Our address is on every jar. But you *will* be delighted to find your hands look whiter—feel softer, smoother. Try Noxzema Skin Cream tonight—and see!

Sonja Henie says "I do"



How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

Now! Reduce—and look lovelier while you are doing it! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick, natural way with no risk to health. If you follow the Ayds plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

This is because the Ayds way to reduce is a natural way. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs. It calls for no strenuous diet . . . no massage . . no exercise.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day, when you follow the Ayds Plan.

Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.89) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.89.



● **"I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."**

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



South Sea Sinner: Shelley Winters is an island singer so popular with the boys she manages to get deported regularly to prevent rivalry.

SOUTH SEA SINNER

Cast: Macdonald Carey, Shelley Winters, Helena Carter, Luther Adler.
Universal-International

Shelley Winters acts mostly like Mae West (only with a crew cut) in a drama of low life on the high seas. Shelley sings in dives in the South Pacific, but she's forever being deported from one island to another because of trouble over men. She's singing on the island of Oraca, in a dive owned by Luther Adler (a greasy cuss) when along comes Doc (a pharmacist's mate in the Navy) and Macdonald Carey (a mystery man). Doc (Frank Lovejoy) quits his ship to stay near Shelley, for whom he's conceived a wholehearted admiration, but Carey's got other things on his mind. Carey's been framed by officials of the rubber company he used to work for. These officials cooperated with the Japanese, during the war, but they'd fixed it for Carey to take the rap, and now Carey's back to discover the truth. Shelley eventually manages to tempt him with her charms (she doesn't hide her light under a bushel) and he even takes her to a fancy society party where the ladies humiliate and insult her. (Why she went to the party dressed—or rather, undressed—like Gypsy Rose Lee, I have no idea. That getup screamed for an insult or two.) Anyhow, Carey's old girlfriend (Helena Carter), a real high-class type, shows up, and she's so gentle and understanding, he doesn't know what to do. Helena's from his world, but Shelley makes his blood berl. Shelley solves the whole mess by gallantly pretending she's been love-making with Luther Adler (the greasy cuss, remember?) so the cops won't find out Luther Adler murdered a man one night. In return for this, Luther Adler helps clear Carey's good name. (Luther knows about the crooked rubber officials.) Carey's good name gets cleared, but he believes that sordid story about Shelley and Luther, and he goes off with Helena. Brave little Shelley blinks back the tears, and takes up with faithful Doc. Another Notable Thing About This Film: A pianist referred to as Maestro, who makes meaningless but profound-sounding speeches, while looking exceedingly maniacal.



My Foolish Heart: In a familiar scene, Susan Hayward says goodbye to her sweetheart, Dana Andrews, at the end of his last leave.

MY FOOLISH HEART

Cast: Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, Kent Smith
Goldwyn

My Foolish Heart is a love story, bittersweet and touching. It deals with Susan Hayward, a schoolgirl who falls in love with Dana Andrews, a gay young man-around-town, in the year 1941. Dana knows too many answers. Dana knows there's a war coming, for instance, and he doesn't believe in worrying about the future because he doesn't expect to have a future. By the time he's drafted, he's sure he's crazy about Susan, but he still can't see any point in marriage. Marriage is for peaceful times, when men can settle down and have families. Susan doesn't want to trap him into anything —her own mother and father are a bad example of impetuous wartime romance—but after one of Dana's leaves, she discovers she's pregnant, and she's scared. Dana writes and asks her to come down to his base, be married, but the letter arrives too late. He's been killed in a plane crash. This leaves Susan about to become a mother, husbandless, and nowhere to turn, since her understanding father has a bad heart, and the slightest shock could kill him. She settles her problem by marrying Kent Smith, a former suitor who's always had a yen for her. He's been concentrating on her best friend (Lois Wheeler) but one whistle from Susan lures him right back again. Their household isn't a happy one, however, and Susan starts drinking. It takes her seven years to realize how badly she's messed up everybody's lives, whereupon she sets out to fix things up as best she can. The acting in *My Foolish Heart* is superb (Robert Keith deserves a special medal for his portrayal of Susan's father), the dialogue is tender and funny. Mr. Goldwyn's pictures continue to be way above average.

MALAYA

Cast: Spencer Tracy, James Stewart, Valentina Cortesa, Sydney Greenstreet.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Newspaperman Jimmy Stewart wins the war in the Pacific by smuggling rubber out of

"Soaping" dulls hair—
Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

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Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!

Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Now polish your nails with

Feathercote

Expect an exciting difference! Just as light as a feather . . . a gay new shade of this improved Dr. Ellis Lacquer flows smoothly, evenly, beautifully, onto your nails. Look for the handsome new package with the plastic-plume top, at your favorite 5 & 10 or drug store.



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PITTSBURGH, PA.



Malaya: Jimmy Stewart and Spencer Tracy discuss rubber smuggling with Sydney Greenstreet, while Valentina Cortesa completes the intrigue.



Mrs. Mike: Dick Powell, as a Canadian Mountie, brings his courageous wife, Evelyn Keyes, to a frozen outpost for their new life together.

Jap-held Malaya. First he makes U. S. authorities release his old pal Spencer (Smuggler) Tracy from Alcatraz, then he and Spencer set sail for Malaya. Jimmy's thinking about rubber, Spencer's thinking about a girl named Luana (Valentina Cortesa) who sings "Blue Moon" in a Malayan cafe called "The Dutchman's." "The Dutchman's" patrons are obviously insatiable in their desire to hear "Blue Moon." It's the only song in the picture, and darned if that girl isn't singing it every time you stick your nose in the door, morning, noon or night. (Been going on for years, too, if you give credence to Spencer's reminiscences.) "The Dutchman" (Sydney Greenstreet), who keeps on friendly terms with the Jap occupation officers, is really an old pal of Spencer's, and he gets together a band of cutthroats who'll help Jimmy and Spence smuggle, in return for American gold. "The Dutchman" also fixes up interviews with three planters who have hidden rubber stockpiles from the Japs. Our boys want to pay these men for their rubber, fair and square. One of the three planters is a very honorable soul—so honorable I still don't know what he was getting at. Said he couldn't possibly sell his rubber, but if Jimmy and Spencer would just beat him up, he'd tell where the stuff was. He wanted the bruises to show the Japs, he said. In any case, the smuggling is thrillingly successful (the rubber's ferried down the rivers to the sea where American ships pick it up), Jimmy dies a hero's death, and Spencer lives happily ever after on an island with that "Blue Moon" girl. This also surprised me, because the last I saw of those two lovebirds, he was giving her a mighty heave out of his boat and into the ocean. It occurs to me now that he was trying to save her life (his boat was going off into the line of some gunfire) but he never even asked if she could swim before he did it.

MRS. MIKE

Cast: Dick Powell, Evelyn Keyes, J. M. Kerrigan.
United Artists

"The frozen Canadian north is no place for a woman." Sergeant Mike Flannigan (Dick Powell) of the Mounties tells Boston girl, Kathy O'Fallon (Evelyn Keyes). So they get married anyway. By the time they've mushed 360 miles into the icy wilderness by dog sled, she's begun to get the idea. At the end of the 360 miles, there's a broken-down cabin with a broken-down family. "Company!" cries the delighted broken-down wife. And she runs to play the organ (I'm not fooling, they have an organ) and bring out her only china cup. Kathy breaks the cup, but the woman says it's all right, her old man is going to strike gold any day now. Kathy doesn't say, "I'd hate to hang till he does," or anything crude like that; she just gets sad. But Mike assures her that he and she will have a happier life than these folks. And it's *mush!* again. Hendrick's Hope, a trading post, is their new home. It's okay until Kathy finds out she's going to have a baby. She wants to go someplace civilized, but Mike tells her not to be silly, the Indian women aren't afraid of having their babies alone, or some such noble nonsense. (I wish the movies would wake up to the fact that the death-in-childbirth rate has been reduced to practically nothing because of modern medical methods, and stop stumping for a return to the brave old dark ages.) Well, Mike and his Mrs. move to a larger settlement (Fort Manette) and they have a cute little girl, but there's a diphtheria epidemic, and the serum runs out, and their baby dies, along with most everybody else in the neighborhood. Kathy decides she's had enough. "I'm going back where human beings have a chance to live," she says. Mike sadly lets her go, is transferred back to Hendrick's Hope, himself. And whom does he find when he gets there? His own precious wife, that's whom. She's going to stick to the bitter end, and I do mean bitter.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

Cast: James Mason, Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, Ava Gardner.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

James Mason, so rich, so debonaire, loves his wife Barbara Stanwyck, but Ava Gardner is a fever in his blood. Barbara wears tailored suits, Ava wears next to nothing. Into this story comes a model (Cyd Charisse) in love with an ex-cop-later-OSS-man-now-public-figure (Van Heflin). Heflin, who does his government work in Italy, and who's only in the U.S. for



East Side, West Side: Playboy James Mason may be raising a menacing hand to model Ava Gardner, but he's really very fond of her.

a couple of days, calls Cyd "Little Dirty-Face," so you can see it's no grand passion on his part. But through Cyd, he meets Barbara Stanwyck (Cyd models the clothes rich ladies like Barbara buy), and over a scrambled egg at Barbara's, he begins to feel something he never felt before. He tells Barbara, only to add hastily, "Forget it. I'm no homewrecker." This is a home? the audience asks itself, believing Mason to be dallying with Gardner even now. Little does the audience wot that Gardner is through with dalliance forever, lying, as she is, foully murdered on the floor of her apartment. Did Mason do it? Did the rich man who was keeping Ava do it? Did some blonde six feet tall and jealous do it? Will Barbara Stanwyck ever love again? Maybe you won't believe this picture, but it's awful entertaining, full of pretty clothes, sophisticated dialogue, and lovely New York settings. It's a long way from Gracie Square on the East River (where the Masons live) to the Greenwich Village flat occupied by Ava, so we get to see a lot of Manhattan en route. We even go through the poor-but-honest Italian section where Van was brought up to be his poor-but-honest self. It's practically educational.

DANCING IN THE DARK

Cast: William Powell, Mark Stevens, Betsy Drake, Adolphe Menjou.
20th Century-Fox

This is the least flashy musical I've seen in years, and the reason is the painful mis-casting of Betsy Drake. She's nice, but she's no Grable. Plot (based on the old Kaufman-Dietz-Schwartz stage musical *Bandwagon*) concerns a young girl who wants to be a star. She's helped by an elderly old soak (William Powell) who was a great movie personality in bygone days, but whose meanness lost him his place in pictures. A major studio's put him back on his feet, made him its representative, because he was once half-of-a vaudeville act. Wait, I'm getting to the point. The other half of the vaudeville act (Walter Catlett) has a daughter (Randy Stuart), a big Broadway star. Poppa won't let daughter go into movies; studio thinks maybe Poppa's old partner Powell can persuade him. (They've got a top role in a top production waiting.) But in New York, where he's been sent to

If you feel self-conscious in a **heavy** make-up

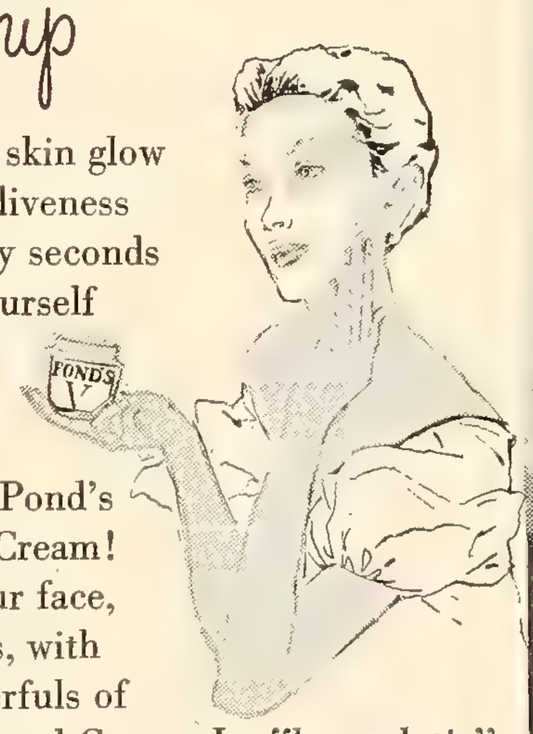


Choose a powder base with sheer flattery

Your skin *can* look *naturally* lovely—fine-textured, delicate, young! Before powder, smooth on a *light* touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Misty-white in the jar, transparent on your skin—this *greaseless* Cream suits every complexion. Never streaks or discolors. Never looks "masky." Pond's Vanishing Cream gives a camellia-soft, adherent finish that holds powder superbly!



1-Minute Mask... "re-styles" your face before make-up



Make your skin glow with new aliveness in just sixty seconds . . . give yourself a quick, rewarding 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Swathe your face, except eyes, with lavish fingerfuls of the snowy-cool Cream. Its "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves off clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Leave on for 1 minute—then tissue off. See how much softer, fresher and *clearer* your skin looks. Make-up goes on flawlessly over your newly smoothed and re-styled complexion!

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor ....."No beauty treatment I've tried gives my skin a so much brighter look so quickly as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's. And it makes such a wonderful difference in the smoothness of my make-up."

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the deodorant that works

TWO WAYS



1 STOPS

not just masks—perspiration odor

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Oh joy, oh bliss! YODORA is *different . . . doubly* divine, *doubly* effective, because it's *made with a face cream base.* Works two ways: **1**—really *stops* perspiration odor . . . **2**—keeps armpits fresh and lovely-looking as the skin of neck and shoulders. Safe for clothes, too. Today, try YODORA, the wonderful deodorant that works *two* ways! Product of McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

Tubes or jars
10¢, 30¢, 60¢



sweet-talk a signed contract out of little Miss Broadway, Powell comes across this young girl who happens to be *his* daughter (he deserted her mother) and he decides *she* should get the break, and be the studio's new doll. He coaches her to sing and dance, and everybody almost gets fired—especially when Betsy finds out William's her father, because she hates her father for what he did to her mother—but there's a happy ending. (Betsy's love interest, by the way, is Mark Stevens.) Which brings me back to my original complaint: Betsy just isn't a song-and-dance girl. She handled the nice sensitive young actress end of things fine—but sparkle, she doesn't. And sparkle somebody should have done, to save the picture.

WHIRLPOOL

Cast: Gene Tierney, Richard Conte, José Ferrer, Charles Bickford.
20th Century-Fox

A slight case of kleptomania keeps Gene Tierney from being the lovely well-balanced girl a psychiatrist's wife should be. Her doctor-husband, Richard Conte, loves her madly, but Gene's plagued by itchy fingers (she comes, she sees, she swipes) and she takes up with a charlatan (José Ferrer) who says he's an astrologer and hypnotist. This boy guarantees he'll make a new woman of her, and he nearly kills her doing it. He helps her insomnia, but he hypnotizes her into going out to a house (where he's just committed a murder), and obligingly standing around till the police arrive to arrest her. Also while under hypnosis, Gene's lifted from her husband's files all kinds of evidence damaging to Ferrer. (The murdered woman, it happens, is one of Ferrer's blackmail victims, and one of Richard Conte's patients. She's confided about Ferrer to Conte, but Conte can't find his records, so he can't help prove his wife's innocence.) Complex story. Very complex. But good pace, and José Ferrer keeps busy performing from his toes to his fingertips. He doesn't miss a trick. If he wants a Hollywood career, there's no doubt now that he can have it. He bleeds to death in front of your admiring eyes, for a final flourish.

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

If you wouldn't mind getting three free issues of MODERN SCREEN, we'd like to make a suggestion. See the brief questionnaire printed below? Fill it out and return it to us, with the speed of lightning. We give a free three-months subscription to the first 500 that come in. Simple? Extremely! You just tell us which stories you liked best in this issue, and which you liked least. You also jot down the stars you'd like us to have stories on in the future, and the stars you'd as soon pass over. For doing us this small favor (if your reply is among the first 500), you get the April, May and June issues absolutely free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Shirley Temple's Divorce . . . ☐
Dangerous Paradise (Ingrid Bergman) . . . . . ☐
"Speaking of My Son . . ." (Peter Lawford) . . . . . ☐
Fit for a King (Clark Gable) . . . . ☐
Bringing Up Joan (Joan Evans) . . ☐
Man at Large (Kirk Douglas) . . . ☐
Lana Turner's Fight for Happiness by Hedda Hopper . . . . . ☐
Strike! (Arlene Dahl, Shelley Winters, Douglas Dick, others) . . ☐
This Love of Ours (Ricardo Montalban) . . . . . ☐
Three's No Crowd (Mona Freeman) . . . . . ☐
Elizabeth the Queen (Elizabeth Taylor Special Section) . . . . . ☐
How Roy Rogers Found Faith . ☐
Modern Screen Fashions . . . . . ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News . ☐
Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference . . . . . .

. . . . . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . . .

. . . . . .

What MALE star do you like least? . . . . . .

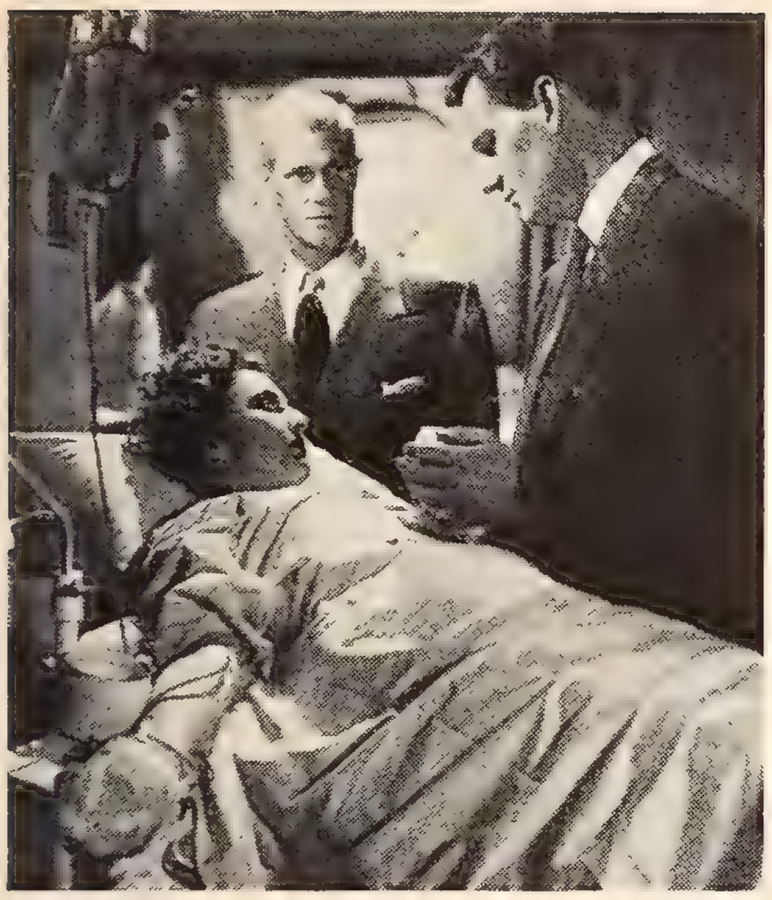
What FEMALE star do you like least? . . . . . .

My name is . . . . . .

My address is . . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . . I am . . . . . years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



Thelma Jordon: Wendell Corey is the unhappy lawyer who falls in love with Barbara Stanwyck even though she's stolen and murdered.

THELMA JORDON

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Paul Kelly, Joan Tetzel.
Paramount

Wendell Corey's assistant district attorney, but his wife's family is too rich to please him. Every time he wants to buy wife (Joan Tetzel) a present, he discovers her old man got there first. In-law trouble makes him drink, drinking makes him more in-law trouble, and the night he meets Barbara Stanwyck, he's ripe for adventure. He gets more than he bargains for because Miss Stanwyck is planning to use him as a stooge. Miss Stanwyck is living with a rich and aged aunt whom she kills, when she's surprised in the act of swiping the lady's jewels. But that comes later. During a whole summer when Wendell's wife is at the beach with her mother, father, and the children, Wendell's dating Barbara, and falling in love. By the time of the robbery-murder, he's so sold on Barbara, he arranges for her lawyer, fixes it so the district attorney is disqualified from prosecuting Barbara, has himself appointed as prosecuting attorney, and proceeds to antagonize and bore the jury to death. This is known as throwing the case. Now everybody's got to be punished. An ex-boyfriend of Barbara's—he plotted Auntie's robbery originally—shows up, and when he won't go away, Barbara kills him and herself in an automobile crash. (She lives long enough to admit she loves Wendell.) Wendell makes a clean breast of everything to the district attorney, and is disbarred. It's a very sad end. It's also an extremely entertaining picture. Corey's wonderfully good, and the relationships between him and his wife, and him and Barbara, are treated in an adult and believable manner.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

Cast: Gregory Peck, Hugh Marlowe, Gary Merrill, Millard Mitchell.
20th Century-Fox

Daylight precision bombing in 1942 is the problem. The 918th bomb group is known as a "hard luck" bunch. They lose too many men, they lose too many planes. Brigadier General Gregory Peck believes it's commanding officer

(*Continued on page 96*)

Now! A lotion that glamorizes your WHOLE HAND!



1 SATINIZES PALMS. Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

2 SOFTENS CUTICLE. Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

3 BEAUTIFIES SKIN. New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

4 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES. Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!



WORKS WONDERS! Lanolin-enriched for *extra* effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your *whole hand* feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs... try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to $1.00.

Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream

PRODUCT OF LEHN & FINK

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

shirley temple's divorce

Complete court testimony!



Pale and shaken after her ordeal, Shirley Temple leaves the courthouse accompanied by her lawyer, George Stahlman. Mary Alice Franklin, who testified for Shirley, is behind her with Shirley's father, George Temple.

■ Shirley Temple Agar strode into the courtroom exactly at 9:07 A.M.

She walked in holding on to the right arm of her father, George Temple. Behind them walked one of Mr. Temple's business associates.

The crowd in the courtroom followed them down the center aisle. Every eye was focussed on Shirley, and she knew it.

For a moment when she reached the swinging gate which led to her lawyers' desk, she turned to her right and glanced at us who were sitting in the press section. There was a brave little look of defiance in her eyes. Her lips were pursed tightly. Her jaw was firm. She gave the appearance of being completely composed—and yet somehow all of us knew that she was frightened and nervous and her heart was trip-hammering in double-time.

For one of the most unforgettable half-hours in her life, Shirley was dressed demurely. She wore a tailored gray wool suit, a chic little hat of blue with its veil tossed back, dark leather gloves, and shoes with three-inch heels. Her only visible jewelry—she never removed her gloves during the trial—consisted of a pair of costume earrings and a good-luck charm which dangled from her neck.

The witness who was to corroborate her testimony, Mary Alice Franklin, a former schoolmate of Shirley's at Westlake School for Girls, was also fashionably garbed in suit, hat, gloves, and alligator accessories.

These young attractive women sat in adjoining seats. Judge Herndon left his chambers at 9:12 and walked (*Continued on page 77*)

your letters . . .

SORRY FOR KID ACTORS

Dear Editor: I always feel sorry for child actors and actresses. I can't understand how a parent can cut his youngster off from a normal childhood, and push him into such demanding and emotionally-exhausting work. I don't care how talented the child is. I think it's wrong. I, for one, would gladly forego these juvenile performances, and let the kids grow up in a healthy way.

CLARENCE ANDREWS, DULUTH, MINN.

(You may see another side to the question after reading "Bringing Up Joan," by Katherine Albert, mother of teen-age actress Joan Evans, on page 32 of this issue.)

THAT'S HER POP



Dear Editor: In your January MODERN SCREEN, please note the man on page 47, seated next to Barbara Stanwyck—That's My Pop! He was tired and decided to take an afternoon nap. I guess that's why he looked so unconcerned. However, we all laced into him. How could anyone not notice her? Why, she is wonderful, and what a superb actress. Our regrets, Barbara.

HARRIET GOODMAN, NEW YORK CITY.

AGAR'S BEHAVIOR

Dear Editor: I'm probably endangering my life by saying this, but it's about time somebody did. Hats off to John Agar for the wonderful way he has acted all through his split-up with Shirley Temple. I certainly have neither the right nor the desire to question the action which Shirley took. But no one can deny that whatever happened before, John Agar has acted every inch the gentleman since their troubles became public property.

RHODA MACIAK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TIE SCORE

Dear Editor: You put out one of the best fiction magazines I've read. I enjoy the pictures and think the writing is swell. Just because nine-tenths of the stuff isn't true, does that bother me? Certainly not! I just take another grain of salt and lap up all the happy details of another heavenly Hollywood marriage which will doubtless end up in the divorce courts next day.

UNA FACTOR, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dear Editor: After reading your magazine for almost five years, I feel I should tell you what a good job you're doing. I particularly like your open letters to the movie stars, and I think your movie reviews are the best anywhere. I always feel that you try to tell the truth in your articles, and I think that you succeed almost completely.

EVELYN SANDSBERG, PORTLAND, OREGON

INSPIRING LADD

Dear Editor: Thank you for restoring my faith in humanity with your inspiring story about Alan Ladd and his family (M. S., Jan.). You can't know how much it means to read about good, devoted people like Alan and Sue after the shocking stories which the newspapers and magazines are revealing about other movie personalities. I don't wonder that Alan Ladd came out first again in your star-popularity poll, he's such a fine person.

JAQUELINE REILLY, DETROIT

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents



Kit $2.75
Refills $2.00 and $1.50
(PRICES PLUS TAX)

Scientific tests* show Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion (containing 22% more of the effective ingredient) leaves hair springier, and stronger...less apt to break...than most other home permanent waving lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier, longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen.

Regardless of what type curlers you use, make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut with the waving lotion that makes all the difference in the condition of your hair after waving and the kind of wave you get.

From the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights



Ingrid and Rossellini in Italy. She's said: "I want to live my own life just as any other woman."

dangerous paradise

Ingrid Bergman picked her man, the life she wanted to lead—but at what cost? This is more than the story of a movie star—it is the story of a woman in love.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Ingrid Bergman, by the time you read this, may be Signora Roberto Rossellini. The fitting climax to as tempestuous a love affair as this world has ever known should be consummated. Those who caught fleeting glimpses of her in Rome before the conjecture of her possible pregnancy turned her into a recluse, cannot say whether or not she may have a child during 1950. Only time or a forthright statement from Ingrid or Rossellini can prove or disprove the reports that startled the American public.

One of the correspondents stationed in Rome, a journalist of great repute and integrity, Camille Cianfarra, called upon Ingrid and Roberto before the spotlight of publicity drove them from their apartments. He asked them about the published reports which had Ingrid "expecting" in February, and this is what Camille quoted Rossellini as having said:

"Whether she is or is not is nobody's affair. I think that report deserves neither denial nor confirmation because it is an attempt to pry into the private life of a woman who, to assert her right to her own life, has given up her career—which is what an artist regards as the most important thing in life. Isn't that enough?

"By making that decision, has not Ingrid as good as said to both her admirers and detractors: 'Look, I've fallen in love with a man who is not my husband. As an artist I have a certain responsibility toward the public and I may be criticized. All right, if that's the case, I no longer want to be an artist. I want to be a happy wife with the man I love.'"

Roberto also told Camille that Ingrid and he had been completely honest about the love they carried in their hearts for each other. When Dr. Peter Lindstrom arrived in Messina last year, "Ingrid explained things to him quite clearly. . . . I want to make it clear that at that time the relationship between Ingrid and (*Continued on page 62*)

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars Average

FROM THE MOVIES

CINDERELLA—Walt Disney's latest, with two of Victor's top singers at their best on three of the tunes. "So This Is Love," by Vaughn Monroe* "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo" and "A Dream Is A Wish Your Heart Makes," by Perry Como.*

COPPER CANYON — "Copper Canyon" Art Lund (MGM)

POPULAR SINGLES

FRANK SINATRA —"Lost In The Stars"* (Columbia)
A fine tune from the Broadway show of the same title.

LES BROWN —"Tenderly"** (Columbia)
Walter Gross's lovely creation is given the full Brown treatment, with "Where Are You" on the other side.

DORIS DAY —"Quicksilver"* and "Crocodile Tears"* (Columbia)
Two cute novelties sung by a lady who knows how.

MINDY CARSON —"All The Bees Are Buzzing Round My Honey"* and "Too-Whit! Too-Whoo!"* (Victor)
Speaking of popular songs in the lighter vein, here's a young lady who can handle them along with the best.

DUKE ELLINGTON —"Creole Love Call"** (Columbia)
The Duke has recorded one of his classics for the third time, but this is the only version that is readily available. Kay Davis does the haunting wordless vocal.

CLASSICAL

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — "Andre Kostelanetz Plays Music of Fritz Kreisler and Sigmund Romberg"* (Columbia)
This album includes such all time favorites as "Stars In My Eyes," "Love's Sorrow," by Kreisler, and "Song Of Love" and "The Desert Song" by Romberg.

DOROTHY KIRSTEN —"You Go To My Head"* and "More Than You Know"* (Victor)
These songs are not exactly classical, but somehow they attain the stature of a classic when Miss Kirsten sings them.

JAZZ

JIMMY DORSEY — "Charley, My Boy" and "Johnston Rag" (Columbia)
Jimmy forsakes his usual smooth style to give out with a little Dixieland.

COUNT BASIE —"Normania" and "St. Louis Baby"* (Victor)
On the first, Count seems to be trying to mix bop with his old style and it doesn't quite come off. The reverse is an easy-going, relaxed number with a vocal quintet.

CHUBBY JACKSON —"Tiny's Blues"* (Columbia)
Some nice bop by Chubby and the boys.

CHARLIE PARKER —"Bird Of Paradise"* (Dial)
Some excellent alto sax work by the most skillful instrumentalist of the modern school of jazz.

DIZZY GILLESPIE — "Things To Come"* (MGM)
A reissue of the record that stunned the jazz world a few years back.

Beauty is my business—

says ANNE PIRON
Adorable Cover Girl

And SweetHeart is my Beauty Soap



9 out of 10 Cover Girls use SWEETHEART'S new Large Bath Size

All the glamorous girls on the covers of America's leading magazines this year were asked, "What beauty and bath soap do you use?" And 9 out of 10 replied, "SweetHeart Soap."

"I'm Thrilled with SweetHeart Beauty Baths"

—says Anne Piron, popular cover girl, "because they help prevent chapping. If I let my skin get rough and chapped you'd never see me on magazine covers again! So it pays me to use only pure, mild SweetHeart Soap for daily baths. This keeps my skin looking springtime fresh, soft and young all winter."

• Steal a march on spring! Reveal your skin's true apple-blossom freshness and beauty the way *9 out of 10* cover girls do. Especially on these blustery March days, you'll bless gentle SweetHeart Soap, because it helps you avoid chapped skin.

So get the new, large bath size and discover the benefits of SweetHeart beauty baths. One week after you change from improper care, your skin looks softer, younger, more radiant.

Beauty is our business, too!



• Janet and Judy Ward, 11 months old, share everything—as twins do! A modeling career . . . a SweetHeart bath . . . and a lovely SweetHeart complexion!

GET THE NEW, LARGE

SWEETHEART Bath Size

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new?* A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff — it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse — it *can't* spill! Only 49¢ in 4 dreamy shades.



Woodbury **DREAM STUFF**

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!

Affectionately yours

Dear Elizabeth:

Happy 18th Birthday!

At 18, you're a lucky girl indeed. You're beautiful, talented and sensible. You have fine parents. The future seems filled with opportunity and success for you.

There will be conflict, and moments of unhappiness—no human being ever got through life without his share. Along with the public acclaim, you'll have criticism. Much of the criticism will be completely unfair—but we feel that, simply by staying as sweet and normal as you are, you'll always be able to stay above it.

An example of unfair criticism that you've already received has been the chiding some commentators gave you when you went to a night club a few times to hear Vic Damone sing. We can't agree with anyone who says that a girl your age is making a spectacle of herself by sitting in a pleasant room, surrounded by friends, and listening to a young man who is smitten by her charms. Don't let anyone talk you into becoming a wall flower.

A fine example of your normalcy was given recently when Paramount held a University Prom. You asked those in charge to make certain that you had a few dances with the young collegians because, left to their own devices, they might have been too timid to ask a movie star for the next dance. These young men found you just as unpretentious and interesting as the attractive dates they brought to the party. Afterward, you rounded up a gang of the kids and took them to your house for a late supper—just as teen-agers do all over the country.

Then there was the time not long ago when you dated Bob Stack and surprised the daylights out of him by asking him in for a snack at the end of the evening. "Golly," said Bob the next day, "no date in Hollywood ever asked me if I'd come on in and have something to eat. We raided the refrigerator, sat by the fire and talked just like a couple of people."

The thing is, Elizabeth, that most young people, when they become movie stars, cease to be people. We have a hunch this won't happen to you.

In this issue of MODERN SCREEN, we present you as a young lady growing up. Present you honestly, just as you seem to us to be. We think the public will love you the more for this—and that you will forgive us if in your mind's eye the picture doesn't seem to fit completely in all respects.

You see, no two people will ever see exactly alike on the same subject. But of this you may be sure: People are very much in love with you, Elizabeth—several million people, in a nice, open-minded, understanding sort of way.

an open letter to elizabeth taylor



William B. Hartley

EDITOR

Our special 12-page Elizabeth Taylor story-and-picture section begins on page 44.



by florabel muir

To Peter Lawford's
mother one thing mattered
above all else—
to keep faith with her son,
even when it meant
being cut off from the world
she had known.

"speaking of my son..."

■ When Peter Lawford announced at the age of seven that he was going to be a motion picture star, his mother, Lady Lawford, smiled and remembered a morning in May when she had told her father she wanted to go on the stage.

"The butler dropped the muffins and my father's face turned pale," Lady Lawford reminisced as we sat in the living room of the pleasant California home where Peter lives with his parents. His father, Major General Sir Sidney Lawford, is a veteran of the Boer War.

"After the first shocking second of silence, my father ordered me to go at once to my room. Later he summoned me to the library.

" 'I wonder if you know what you said at breakfast,' he began. 'In front of the servants you voiced a wish to be an immoral woman. I do not think you realize that all actresses are immoral or you wouldn't have said what you did.

" 'However, I feel that your Bible study must have been neglected or you couldn't have brought yourself to express such a thought. You will begin at once to memorize certain parts of the Bible. I shall expect you to recite five verses for me tomorrow.'

"And that was how my flight of fancy was curbed and my footsteps were turned back on the path of respectability," Lady Lawford went on. "I tell you this to show how remote the theater or movies were from our family life.

"And speaking of my son—I naturally didn't really think Peter would ever get a chance to work in the cinema studios, hence *I* took *his* announcement with complete composure.

"I was afraid, though, he would (*Continued on page 72*)



Eleven-year-old Peter arrives in Los Angeles with his parents, Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, on the round-the-world trip which the family took in 1935.



Lady Lawford chats with Bill Powell on the set of *Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid*. She acted in this and other films under the name of Mary Somerville.



Fit for a King

The heartache
and the restlessness are
over at last . . .
the loneliness is ended.
For a miracle
happened to Clark Gable
—he fell deeply
in love again.

BY CYNTHIA MILLER

■ They sat opposite me at Amelio's, one of those restaurants in San Francisco where the steaks are tender and titanic. I tried not to stare.

Clark and Sylvia Gable (see left) had been married only 48 hours. In another two, they would head for pier 32, and board the S.S. *Lurline* for Honolulu and their honeymoon.

As I say, I tried not to stare. But after all, I'm a woman with a woman's curiosity, and I couldn't help myself. There, sitting opposite me was Clark Gable, the King, the most celebrated screen lover of modern times, and there next to him, was his fourth bride, the blonde and beautiful Lady Sylvia Stanley of Alderley, widow of Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. She was dressed in a simple black-and-white checked sports dress and she wore flat-heeled pumps. Over her shoulders was draped a silver blue mink coat.

These two world-famous celebrities did not look like newlyweds. They spoke very sparingly during the meal, and as any waiter will tell you, that's a sure sign a couple is married. When they're in the courting stage, they talk a blue streak.

Clark and his bride, however, were both in a happy, anticipatory mood, and when the waiter brought their food, Gable slapped his hands in relish and said, "This is our first square meal in three days."

What I wanted most to do was to go over to their table and interview them right there and then, but I knew two things for sure: One, I had no right to invade their privacy at a time like this; and two, if I did, the management would toss me out on my ear.

So I got up and drove to the Matson pier. I boarded the Lurline and went down to C deck and suite 245, the quarters reserved for Mr. and Mrs. William Clark Gable. The suite consisted of two bedrooms, sitting room and a private deck.

The boat was scheduled to leave at midnight. It was jammed with hundreds (*Continued on page 58*)



Newlyweds Clark Gable and the former Lady Sylvia Stanley are surrounded by wellwishers as they board ship for a honeymoon in the Hawaiian Islands after their surprise marriage.



by Katherine Albert

BRINGING UP JOAN

For the first time,

Joan Evans' mother reveals

the problems

facing a young girl who

overnight became a star.

■ My 14-year-old daughter had a cold. Like every good mother I would keep her in bed for a day. I would telephone her school and report this fact to her teacher, who would give me Joan's home work for the next day.

That is, that's what I would have done in the pre-Goldwyn era. Now, instead, I called the studio, where every department was notified. The next day there was a headline over a syndicated column, "JOAN EVANS BEDDED WITH VIRUS X."

Is the flu bug that would entail merely a call to her school more important than the flu bug that caused the Goldwyn Studios to shut down for a day at a cost of $16,000 and caused a news-wise columnist to give it the lead in her column? No, it's the same old flu bug.

And that's what I explained to Joan. "Look," I said. "The only reason the columnist used your flu bug in a headline is because Mr. Goldwyn's publicity man has to get the words *Roseanna McCoy* in the newspapers. The only reason this flu bug is news is because Mr. Goldwyn has given Joan Evans importance by entrusting her with a big part in a big picture. (*Continued on page 84*)



Joan Evans looks over her filling scrapbook with her proud parents, Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson. Both Mom and Pop, who are writers, recognized her dramatic ability early.



Joan delights in reading the voluminous fan mail which has poured in to her since the release of *Roseanna McCoy*. Though only 15, she's mature and poised beyond her years.



His private life is casual, gay, tempestuous—and sad. Here's why Kirk Douglas is Hollywood's most amazing married bachelor.

BY JACK WADE

Man at large



Kirk earnestly explains a magazine cartoon to five-year-old Mike, his oldest son. Separated from his wife, Diana Dill—who is in New York seeking a stage career—Kirk is a devoted and attentive parent to his boys.



Evelyn Keyes meets Kirk for tennis at the Beverly Hills Club. Though Kirk probably has more dates with more pretty girls than any other male star, the sparkling Miss Keyes is reported to be his current favorite.

■ It was the end of a hard day. The Hollywood executive wearily turned the key in the lock of his apartment door and flicked on the lights. He slipped out of his coat and threw himself into an easy chair. Then he sat bolt upright. The hair on the back of his neck bristled. He had heard a sound from the direction of the bathroom.

Moving silently to the fireplace, the executive drew a brass poker from a rack and advanced stealthily toward the sound. There was an alien sliver of light escaping from beneath the door, and a muffled cough came from within. With a single movement, the executive wrenched open the door and raised his poker into striking position.

The bright light blinded him for a moment, then his eyes popped in unbelief. There, lying in a tub of steaming suds, was Kirk Douglas, a book held slightly above the water line and an expression of complete enjoyment on his face.

"Good Lord!" said the producer. "Kirk! What —what are *you* doing here?"

"I just bought this book," said Douglas. "It's great—you must read it!" (*Continued on page 90*)



Why has a curtain of silence been drawn around Lana Turner since her return to Hollywood? Hedda Hopper found out the truth—from Lana herself.

Lana Turner's fight for HAPPINESS!

by hedda hopper

■ "Come on in, Hedda," invited Lana. "You've just missed *Cyclone Malone* and *Hopalong Cassidy,* but if you'll stick around you can watch *Beanie* with Bob and me. I'm dying to see what happens tonight to Cecil, the Seasick Sea Serpent."

I stuck to the doorstep, stunned. Then, "Good gravy," I sputtered, "what kind of double-talk is that from Lana Turner? Are you sure you're yourself?"

Lana grinned. "Never felt better. I'm talking about television! We've got six sets—even a portable TV we take down to the pool. All this besides two movie projectors. We ran two pictures last night and three the night before. . . . *Now* will you believe me when I say I'm a homebody?"

"Believe you?" I came back. "Listen—I'm beginning to get *worried* about you! What's happened to the Toppings, anyway—turned hermits?"

Lana shook her taffy-topped face, beautiful as ever and twice as alive-looking as I'd seen it in the past few years. "Not quite," she said. "Just turned happy. I'm probably the dullest gal in town, and do you know what? I love it!"

I was out to puncture the silk curtain which Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Topping had drawn about their newsworthy selves ever since they flew back to Hollywood and practically dropped out of sight. After all, Lana used to make a hot headline almost every week.

Whatever she did, wherever she went, Lana was streamered with something sensational or sad. Yet, here she'd been back in Hollywood since last July—and in all those months there'd been no news about her more startling than that she and Bob had bought (*Continued on page 59*)



Buying this 12-room home was Bob Topping's idea.



strike!

The ladies were pitted against the gents in this hilarious bowling party—where sometimes the pins fell down, but more often the gals.

by reba and bonnie churchill

■ The ball skimmed down the highly glossed lane, made straight for its mark and connected.

"Zowie!" said Jerome Courtland, "Another strike!"

The girls on our team glared for a moment at the all-male team we were competing against. Then, they shifted their glare to us. "Lucky hit," we mumbled feebly.

And to think it had started out with the makings of such a wonderful evening. May we have Scotch tape put over our mouths if we ever sound off on such another "bright" suggestion.

A group of us—Lex Barker, Shelley Winters, Douglas Dick, Arlene Dahl, Adele Mara, Dick Clayton, Jerome Courtland, Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle, Barbra Fuller, Richard Foote and we Churchills—had gone over to one of our favorite spots, Art Linkletter's Bowling Alley. Art, head man of the "People Are Funny" and "House Party" radio shows, was in gay spirits. He'd just scanned the reviews from the film he's in with Ronald Colman and Celeste Holm, *Champagne for Caesar*. "Tonight," he'd greeted us, "I'm your host. Everything's on the house."

It could have been his benevolent mood that put our common sense into a tailspin, but soon we suggested, "Let's divide into teams and have a bowling match."

"Fine!" said Art, "Fine! . . . And say—since most of the help is busy with the—ahem!—paying customers, the losers can fix food afterward for the winners. Okay?"

This was, naturally, very okay with everybody. Then we chose up sides. Funny how things never quite work out the way you think. We didn't get Jerry Courtland or Keefe Brasselle (who always bowl a high score) on our team. In fact, we didn't get *any* boys: It was the fellas against the girls.

"Don't worry," Shelley Winters encouraged us, "we'll bowl *circles* around 'em!"

This proved to be a good description of Shelley's bowling technique. She reached for the ball, took frowning aim and, with a potent semi-circular swing, let go. The ball sped down the lane, halfway down nimbly jumped the gutter and wound up in the neighboring lane. (*Continued on next page*)



A top scorer at the bowling party was MGM newcomer Keefe Brasselle—formerly a champ bowler.



Arlene Dahl prepares to bowl. (Arlene has been picked by Modern Screen for the Kellogg Company's fourth series of cereal variety package movie cut-outs.)



Lex (Tarzan) Barker gallantly gives Shelley Winters of the opposition, some basic training on how to pick up the ball. "But look," says Shelley, *"you've* got *muscles."*



Oops! Adele Mara has just committed a slight bowling error—she forgot to let go of the ball. She won a tennis racket (appropriately) for being the lowest scorer.



After the match, the gang (Barbra Fuller, Adele, Dick Clayton, Bonnie and Reba, Dick Foote, Douglas Dick, Keefe Brasselle and Sally Forrest) is amazed at the soda-jerking skill of Jerry Courtland—who's amazed himself.

strike! continued

"Ah," said Shelley, "could have happened to anyone!"

Then it was Lex Barker's turn to bowl. "Don't look so grim," he reassured Sally Forrest. "Just because I play Tarzan on the screen, people think I'm great in all sports. I'm a lousy bowler. Once Eddie Cantor asked me to play in a benefit bowling tournament. My team wound up with the lowest score."

"Glad to hear *that,"* said Sally.

Lex took off his jacket, and we got a closer view of those bulging biceps beneath his Navy sweat shirt. He tested a few balls, picking them up like oranges at a fruit stand, before he found one he liked.

Then he let that ball go—and it zoomed straight down the lane. It couldn't have stayed more in the center if the pinboy had been holding a magnet.

When we saw every one of the pins topple over—so did our hopes. Art started toward his soda fountain-restaurant on the other side of the alley.

"Where you off to?" asked Barbra Fuller.

"Just to see if we have enough extra aprons for you gals in the kitchen," he said.

The fellas' score kept swelling like a balloon. "We can't *let* them do this to us!" said Adele Mara firmly. Adele had never bowled in her life.

She picked up the ball, shot it down the lane, and turned her back and crossed her fingers. There was a loud, satisfactory crash as the ball hit the pins. She turned around. There was only one pin standing. "Missed one, darn it!" she said, stamping her foot.

Maybe it was this vibration, but suddenly that lone pin toppled over, too.

The other bright spot on our team proved to be Arlene Dahl. The knack that girl has with a ball! She's even the sponsor of a group of MGM soundmen who bowl weekly under the name, "The Dahleaguers."

"How about some time off?" (*Continued on page 60*)

This love of ours



Our children are the fulfillment of our love. In them, Ricardo and I see each other.



ninth in a series

By GEORGIANNA MONTALBAN

■ My sister, Sally, saw Ricardo first.

But since Sally already had a perfectly good husband of her own, she decided to be practical and to snare him for her only unmarried sister—me. And thereby keep this handsome, talented and completely devastating young man in the family.

"I have a sister and I know you two would get along like chili and beans," she told Ricardo in her usual buoyant and direct way. Sally was matching her similes with the South-of-the-Border setting in which she met Ricardo while accompanying her husband, Norman Foster, on location in Mexico. Ricardo was working in the movie Norman was directing.

"Georgie," my match-making sister wrote me excitedly, "I have found just the right man for you. Get this week's Saturday Evening Post and you will see his picture. His name is Ricardo Montalban."

Only mildly curious, because Sally is notoriously enthusiastic (*Continued on page 88*)



Baby Mona holds court for her fond parents, Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney, in their new living room. The rocker was Mona's as a child.



Mona Freeman

and Pat Nerney and little

Mona learned that life

in a two-room shoebox

can be very cozy—

in fact, too darned cozy.

But now they're

in a wonderful place where . . .

THREE'S NO CROWD

BY DUANE VALENTRY



In their bedroom, Mona and Pat strike a fine Victorian pose in their Victorian chairs. The portrait of little Mona was painted by big Mona.

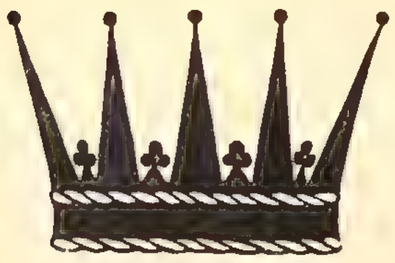
■ Maybe seven rooms isn't a mansion, but it certainly can seem like one after four cramped years in a tiny, two-room apartment, where three—Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney and their little Mona—were very much a crowd. Mona and Pat, after five months in their Pacific Palisades house, still can't believe all this space is theirs.

"Maybe we'll get used to it, in time," says Mona, happily. "But by then we'll be adding more rooms, and all the other things we plan for it. Pat says it'll take two years, maybe four."

Every cent they can possibly spare goes into the house—which is a Connecticut-farmhouse type built of white-painted wood and fieldstone. Pat will tell you they've learned how to squeeze every last board, brick and nail out of a dollar bill.

Once in a while, though, some of those dollars do get shunted off in a peculiar way. For instance, both agreed $100 might be spared for some bricks for a walk in the back, which seemed to be needing a lot more bricks than they'd expected. One Sunday Pat had very beautifully set in four bricks to start the walk, proclaiming, "See, it's easy! . . . I've even got a design there! . . . I'll finish it in no time." (*Continued on page 82*)

Special 12 page section!



ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

Only yesterday a child star, Elizabeth Taylor has suddenly emerged as one of the most fabulous beauties in Hollywood history. As she reaches her eighteenth birthday this month, Modern Screen presents in stories and pictures the most complete account ever given of the past and present of the lovely Elizabeth.

■ The first day of shooting on *A Place in the Sun,* Elizabeth Taylor entered the Paramount commissary at lunchtime. The reaction was the one she receives regularly nowadays. A hush settled on the room, silverware halted in mid-air as all eyes followed the spectacular young beauty to a table.

John Lund, movie actor and wit, ogled with the rest. He was the first to break the silence. "I wonder," he murmured, "how *she* ever got in pictures."

Mr. Lund's little joke was a back-handed expression of a fact that becomes abundantly clear the moment you meet Elizabeth Taylor: It's impossible to imagine her incredible good looks as belonging to anybody *but* a movie star.

The camera is a thief in dealing with this lovely creature. It's a robber of important detail, for it registers no more than 10 percent of the vibrant fascination on which it is trained.

Elizabeth Taylor's soft hair is raven black. Her skin is smooth and pale with a vague iridescent glow. Her eyes are huge, black-rimmed lakes of emotion set with blue-green gems that dazzle and have no right to serve as mere organs of sight. Her features are firmly defined in a pattern of architectural perfection, subtle in their relationship to one another and modeled after nothing mortal.

Only in her figure does she deviate from an entirely esthetic design, for it follows the solidly accepted lines of the more advanced dreamers in the male-magazine art field. If anything, Elizabeth Taylor's figure (*Continued on page 76*)





Lovely even as a two-year-old, Elizabeth Taylor, with her handsome brother, Howard, clearly mirrored her mother's poise and beauty.

How Liz grew up

A beloved little sister who, somehow, turned into a glamor girl—that's Liz Taylor to her brother. Her phenomenal life story is told in pictures on these and the following pages.



by howard taylor

Howard Taylor, Liz's brother, is 20, a college soph, spurns film offers, paints, designs jewelry and ceramics.

■ As we've done hundreds of times since we were kids, Elizabeth and I went out together the other day. We went to the *Icecapades*. There was nothing on our minds but the thought of seeing the show and we were both pleasantly keyed up about it. So much so that for a while we "forgot." But as we entered the lobby, Liz was recognized—and there began a general buzzing all around us.

We could hear snatches of the talk: "Yes, that's her." "Who is the man with her?" "Somehow I figured she was taller." "Is he in pictures, too?" And so on.

Liz grabbed my arm and whispered, "This isn't going to be the fun I thought. Let's hurry in."

We hurried. And she was right. It wasn't just that the privacy of the moment had been invaded. It was another sign that the new life which is opening up for Liz is trying to crowd out her old life completely. I wouldn't want that to happen. Our parents don't. Nor do the friends we have known since long before the films came into our lives. And Liz doesn't want it to happen.

Rather than take up with the new life, she is trying hard to cling to the old one. For instance, she still goes to parties given by her old school friends. With them she is herself and things are pleasant. But it doesn't always go that pleasantly with new girls who happen to be invited. Then she sometimes has to buck everything from silly adulation to challenge and pure envy; and being yourself in the face of all that is a hopeless project. No matter how you conduct yourself the thing just doesn't come off.

"In the end I just stand around with egg on my face," I have heard Elizabeth, troubled and worried, report to Mother after such an affair.

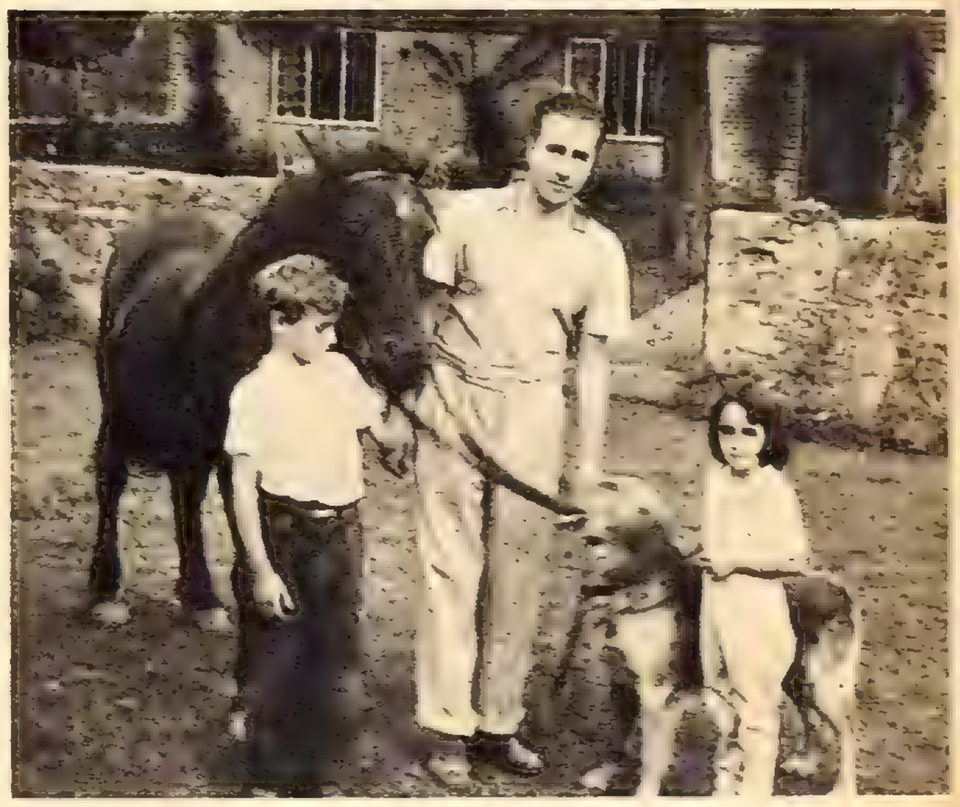
She likes nothing better than going out with her old crowd—but here again there is trouble. My friend Mara Regan and I can go anywhere and cause no public ripples. But when Liz is along, and especially if she has a boy with her, the party becomes an event and, sooner or later, is commented on in the press—usually in as unfavorable a light as possible.

Not long ago a columnist criticized Liz because, as he said, she was attending the Mocambo "nightly." He intimated that her reason for so doing was a crush on Vic Damone. That was an untrue statement, but people reading it would probably think it was true. Here are the facts:

Liz has been to the Mocambo three times: once as a guest at a wedding reception (Jane Powell's); once accidentally; and once with Mara and me, when Mother and (*Continued on page 74*)



Like most English families, the Taylors were all good cyclers. Here, Howard lends a youthful assisting hand to Liz's early efforts with a scooter.



At four, Liz was already a fine rider. Monty, the family dog, helps Howard and dad Francis Taylor hold the pony, Betty, before Liz fearlessly mounts.



Self-confident and well-mannered, Liz and Howard stroll the deck on one of their numerous trips to the U.S. before they came here to live in 1939.

Never gawky, Liz grew even prettier as she went gracefully through her adolescence.



At nine, having made a hit in *Lassie Come Home,* her first movie, Liz posed dutifully with her large collection of dolls for publicity pictures. MGM was calling her "Hollywood's newest child star."



The 13-year-old Elizabeth, showing clearly the signs of the mature beauty into which she would grow, was also showing clearly she retained a weakness for the juvenile delights of bubble gum.



Fourteen years old, Liz whispers in typical schoolgirl fashion with classmate Shirley Johns. Liz was finding school less irritating than she would later on when she'd be playing adult roles.



At 14, Liz still looked to Howard, three years her senior, for guidance in worldly matters—such as new dances. He invited the boys for her 15th birthday party—she didn't know any well enough.



By the time she was 15, Liz was a first-rate horsewoman. While riding with Howard one day at Malibu Beach, she saved his life when he was thrown and, unconscious, began washing out to sea.



In her 16th year, Elizabeth started using little touches of perfume. She had just received her first screen kiss in *Cynthia* and (opposite page) had now become a strikingly lovely young lady.



A healthy teenager who enjoyed family barbecues, girlish bull sessions, hobbies and



1. Elizabeth, just turned 15, joins her parents in a hamburger-and-weenie barbecue. Father, mother and two children were always a closely-knit foursome, prizing the happy times they had together.



2. Elizabeth gasps with girlish wonder as pal Ann Westmore confides a juicy item. Ann, daughter of one of the Westmore make-up artists, lived on the same block in Beverly Hills as the Taylors.



4. Lady Astor calls on the rising young star and her mother in their cabin during the transatlantic crossing they made in 1947. This was a personal trip, their first visit to England after the war.



5. A great lover of animals since babyhood, Liz has a romp with the Taylors' three dogs. Monty, the big dog on the right, is the same fellow seen on page 47. He was acquired the day Elizabeth was born.



7. Elizabeth and Robert Taylor (cast as wife and husband) and co-player Honor Blackman are briefed for a shot in *Conspirator* by Director Victor Saville. He raved about Liz's acting talent.



8. Bridesmaid Elizabeth pauses at the church door before going in with other attendants at Jane Powell's marriage to Geary Steffen. Liz herself had two headlined romances behind her by this time.

pets, Liz Taylor swiftly matured into exciting womanhood before she was eighteen.



3. Liz sketches the landscape during a picnic on the desert outside Los Angeles with the then teen-age actor, Marshall Thompson. She was taking art lessons from a famous painter friend of her father's.



6. At Academy Award ceremonies in early 1949, a poised Elizabeth turns to exchange pleasantries with the appreciative Ronald Colman. She had just finished her first adult role in *Conspirator.*



9. Wearing costume and make-up for the scene she'll perform later on, Liz concentrates on her private tutor's instruction. California law requires three hours of schooling a day for minors under 18.



10. At 18, Elizabeth Taylor, her beauty matured, stands on the threshold of being one of the most glamorous figures the screen has ever known, seems destined to create new Hollywood legends.

Most males would give their eyeteeth to date Elizabeth Taylor. Already a veteran of two

RESTLESS HEART

by Jim Henaghan



1. Marsh Thompson, frequently a guest at the Taylor home, soulfully serenades Liz. He was her first date.

■ ELIZABETH: Please—don't make me look like a girl who just gets engaged for fun. Already everybody is saying I'm just a jilt.

MS REPORTER (*jostling his memory of Webster's for the noun* jilt): I certainly won't.

ELIZABETH: The first thing you know, people will begin to think I'm a bad girl.

MS REPORTER: I'd die before I'd give that impression. Now, what is this you have done to William Pawley?

ELIZABETH (*lowering her eyes*): He almost broke my heart.

MS REPORTER: He should be tarred and feathered! What about Glenn Davis? What did you do to him?

ELIZABETH: Who ever said we were engaged? That was just a lot of talk.

MS REPORTER (*head swimming*): Has anyone ever mentioned to you that you are unquestionably the most beautiful girl ever to be in the movies—and probably the most gorgeous thing ever born?

ELIZABETH (*with great unbelief*): Who—*me?*

It would be unfair to Elizabeth Taylor to call her a "jilt" despite her two highly-publicized jilts. Her curse is her beauty and her prominence. If she were an ordinary girl, she would have collected at least a hundred fraternity pins by this time, and would not have been expected to marry any of the boys who gave them to her.

But because she is Elizabeth Taylor, the desire of all men's hearts, and the most beautiful girl of our time, there are those who censure her. Confronted with the possibility of having men go mad at the sight of her, leave their wives in disgust, impale themselves on bread knives because she is beyond their reach, and demonstrate other such evidences of frustrations because of her beauty, Elizabeth had a truly honest answer. "Who—*me?*" she says.

Elizabeth Taylor was just 16 when she became engaged—or, at least was reported engaged—to Glenn Davis, the Army football star. As she puts it, she was "awfully young" when it happened. Now that she looks back on it, she is not quite sure, as has been indicated, that it was an official engagement in every sense of the word.

"Glenn was just darling," she says, "but, gosh, I hardly *knew* him and everybody just seemed to take (*Continued on page 92*)



4. After Marsh Thompson married Dick Long's sister, Babs, Dick and Liz started going around together.

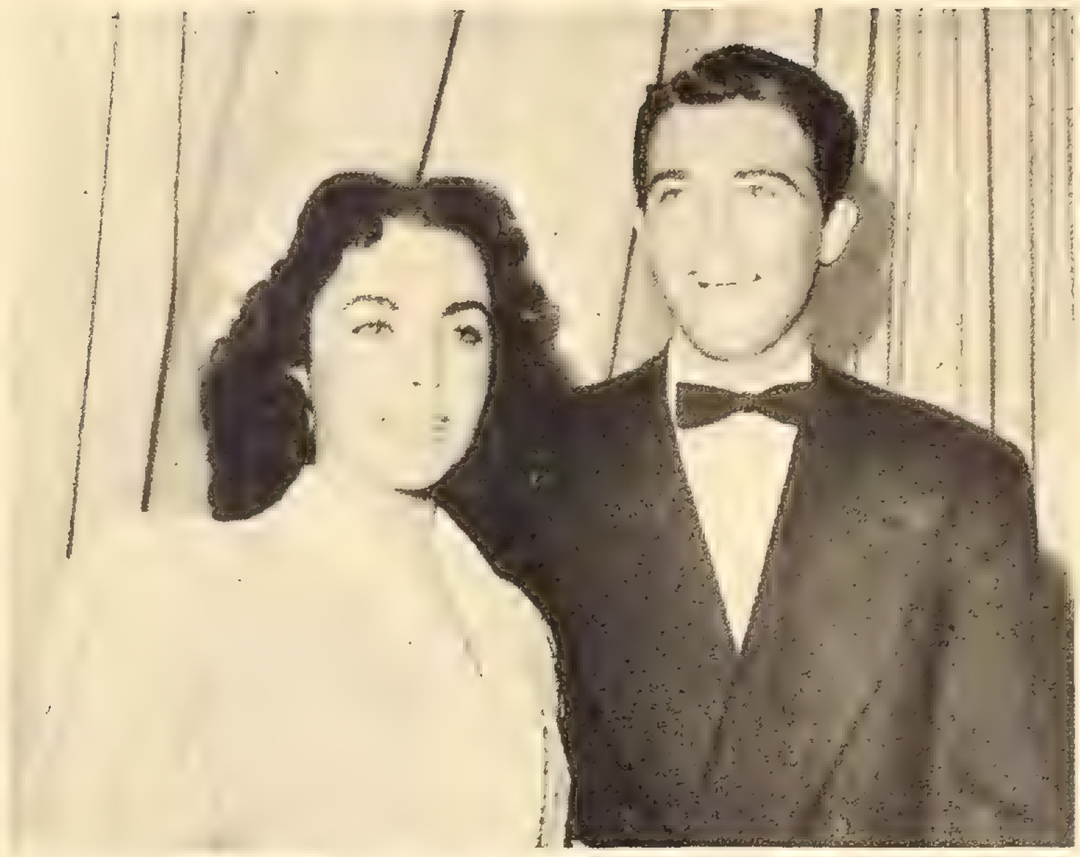


7. Bob Precht, UCLA soph, recently voted "Great Lover" by his schoolmates, took Liz to a school prom.

spectacular romances that came to nothing, she seems destined to be a femme fatale.



2. Rod McDowall playfully douses Liz in the Malibu surf. He was her first leading man (*Lassie Come Home*), they often double-dated.



3. Johnny Sands, rising young player, took Liz around for awhile. They did the premieres and parties—under MGM's watchful eye.



5. Radiantly happy at a Hollywood opening, 16-year-old Liz was reportedly engaged to Glenn Davis, football hero—but it didn't take.



6. After Davis came wealthy Bill Pawley, who sealed his engagement with a huge diamond. She says he almost broke her heart.



8. Montgomery Clift gives Liz—his co-star in *A Place In The Sun*—some expert instructions in the fine art of pocket billiards.



9. Vic Damone dated Liz a few times (here at Chianti restaurant opening)—and news-hungry reporters made it a "romance."



In *Conspirator,* Robert Taylor, as her Communist husband, tries hard to kill her.



In *A Place in the Sun,* Montgomery Clift makes ardent advances to Elizabeth.

In two new movies, Elizabeth Taylor demonstrates that she is now highly competent to handle adult dramatic roles.

■ Actresses who combine great poetic beauty with real dramatic ability are about as rare as 20-carat sapphires. It has been radiantly clear for some time that Elizabeth Taylor possesses personal loveliness to a degree that should satisfy the most demanding poet. It soon will be equally clear that Elizabeth, who has always demonstrated a fine performing talent in juvenile roles, is now up to portraying the heavier complexities of adults.

The evidence of the happy development lies in her two newest films, *Conspirator* and *A Place in the Sun.* In MGM's *Conspirator,* which at this writing is scheduled to be released late in March, she plays the wife of a British Army officer (Robert Taylor) who secretly is a member of the Communist Party. When she discovers the fellow's true colors, he shadily sets about to do her in. An entertaining if inartistic thriller, *Conspirator* gives Elizabeth, in the first grown-up role she has attempted, an assortment of emotional themes, ranging from bubbling delight to hysterical horror, that would tax a far more experienced technique than hers. Yet she succeeds well in blending them into a rounded and convincing character projection.

A Place in the Sun, which Elizabeth, costarred with Montgomery Clift, has just completed for Paramount, is a modernized version of Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, *An American Tragedy.* In this, she is cast as a society girl of whom Clift, a factory worker, becomes enamored to the extent of drowning his former flame (Shelley Winters) when she becomes an inconvenience. Advance reports from neutral quarters speak highly of this film—and Elizabeth's performance in it.

As Elizabeth Taylor looks pensively to the future, what lies ahead for her? Will she find a continuance of the happy life she now enjoys, or will she suffer the storms and heartbreak of so many in Hollywood before her? In the great position she surely will occupy, all the courage, intelligence and stability she can muster will be required. The eyes of the world are indeed upon her now.

the end





Dusty Rogers helps his parents, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, down the steps after a service at what he calls "Big Church." Dusty ho

how roy rogers found



tined them after Sunday School class.

faith

by margaret waite

Roy Rogers' mind was tormented with doubts and questions. And then, as Dale's eyes filled with happy tears, he found the answer . . .

■ The candles glowed steadily in the little church as the minister urged all those in his congregation who sought God to step forward and declare their faith.

It wasn't much different from any other Sunday vesper service; for years they had come—the lonely, the wistful, the eager, the shy, the bitter and the doubting. But for the couple who sat together in the rear, it was to be a great occasion.

For suddenly the young man whispered to the girl at his side, "Mama, I'm going down there." And tears welled up in her eyes as she watched that tall, lithe figure, so familiar and so beloved by millions of youngsters, stride down the church aisle. . . .

On Easter Sunday, in the presence of his family and friends, Roy Rogers was baptized into the church of his choice. To appreciate fully this heart-warming story of simple faith, you have to know the people involved. True, everybody knows Roy Rogers, "King of the Cowboys," and everybody knows Dale, his vital, charming wife who appears with him in all his Republic pictures. But you have to go back to another Roy and Dale—to the Roy who rode to Sunday school on horseback in the little farming community of Duck Run, Ohio, and to the Dale who was confirmed at the age of 10 in Osceola, Arkansas. You have to trace them later on, through periods of doubt and disillusionment, to understand them. . . .

At 16, following a high-school elopement with her first beau, Dale was tragically left with a small son to raise. Sundays she spent cramming for her courses in business college so she could more quickly be in a position to support herself and little Tommy.

Before long, she became a highly competent confidential secretary. With Tommy's welfare assured, she made up for lost time, seeking all the fun she had missed in her mid-teens. There were dates, and gay Saturday-night parties. Sunday mornings she slept late, and then spent the rest of the day washing and mending her clothes, shampooing her hair, fixing her nails, and doing all the countless chores so familiar to the business girl on her "day off."

Later, when she began to click on radio—and then in films—it was the same. Programs, rehearsals, interviews, conferences, all interspersed with gaiety grasped with almost feverish intensity. The Church receded further and further into the background of her interests.

With Roy it was a different story, but it had the same net result.

Like all outdoors men he had searched the sky for the answer to the riddle of life. He knew that every manifestation of Nature, every sign of the seasons, pointed to the existence of a higher Power. A man of slight formal education but one given to reflection, Roy knew instinctively that the re-birth of Nature every spring proved all the concepts of eternal life.

But Roy's mind was tormented with doubts and questions. As his movie career progressed, it took him down paths far removed (*Continued on page 94*)

fit for a king

(*Continued from page 31*) of visitors, all of whom, it seemed, knew the location of the Gable rooms. The corridor leading to the suite was packed with women and bobby-soxers, all anxious to get a look at Clark and his bride.

A little after 11 o'clock, the Gables drove onto the pier escorted by two motorcycle policemen. As Clark and his blonde bride, surrounded by police officers, stepped off the gangplank, the crowd moved in. Ten police officers made a flying wedge and after 15 minutes of shoving, succeeded in getting the Gables into their suite. A crowd then formed outside and began beating on the door.

In a few minutes, the door was opened slightly to permit the entrance of a few of us reporters, and a MODERN SCREEN photographer, Ken Cheney. We dove in.

First thing, our photographer spoke up. "Would you mind please standing a little closer together?" he asked Gable. Clark smiled—so, too, did his tall bride. "Look," said Clark, as our lensman kept motioning him closer, "you run your romance and I'll run mine." We all laughed.

"How did you pop the question to Lady Stanley?" I then asked.

Clark grinned. "I was scared to death," he said, "that she'd say 'no'—but she came through all right with a big 'yes.'"

"I said it as fast as I knew how," Mrs. Gable added. "Wouldn't give him any time to change his mind."

There was another round of flashbulbs, and then the ship's warning whistle sounded. As we left, I looked back. Visible on the newlyweds' faces were looks of profound relief. They seemed to say, "Alone at last."

The *Lurline* pulled out at midnight, and the Gables were below decks as it did.

In three days, they had done an awful lot. Their sudden marriage had amazed and surprised an entire nation. No one had expected this marriage—not even Gable himself, for that matter.

"I've had marriage in mind for some time," he said after the surprise ceremony at the Alisal guest ranch near Solvang, California, "but I just suddenly decided to pop the question. I asked her yesterday if she'd marry me and she said, 'Yes.'"

The couple then drove to San Luis Obispo on Tuesday, December 20, 1949 and obtained a marriage license at 12:10 p. m. On the marriage license, Gable gave his age as 48, and Lady Stanley gave hers as 39. Three hours later, the Reverend Aage Moller, pastor of the little Danish Lutheran Church, was conducting the ceremony in the ranch living room. It was a single-ring ceremony with Gable slipping a simple platinum wedding band on Sylvia's finger and then kissing her.

western atmosphere . . .

During the ceremony, a hand-cranked phonograph wheezed out the wedding march. The entire ceremony had a horse-opera atmosphere. The guests who watched it, wore boots and 10-gallon hats, and after it was over, the ranch hands were invited inside for some of the wedding cake and champagne. Sylvia cut the bridal cake with a Japanese sword which one of the ranch hands had brought back from war service in the Pacific.

When the news was flashed over the wires to a stunned world, the reaction was one of sheer surprise. At MGM, Clark's home studio, the publicity department didn't even believe it. "Impossible," one press agent said. When he was told however, that his boss, Howard Strickling, head of the MGM press department, had been Gable's best man, he changed his mind. "Now," he said, "I believe it."

Actually, Gable had decided to ask Lady Stanley's hand in marriage two days before he did, but he couldn't get up the courage. At Charley Feldman's party on Saturday, three days preceding the wedding, Gable had matrimony in mind, but wouldn't discuss it.

On Sunday, he proposed to Sylvia while driving. When the answer was "yes," he stopped his car, and the couple kissed.

On Monday, they notified intimates of their intention. Gable called Strickling and asked him to be best man, and Sylvia phoned her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Bleck of Cheviot Hills. The next day, the marriage took place. Basil Bleck gave the bride away. Also present at the ceremony was Miss Jean Garceau, Clark's business manager and secretary of many years.

Newly-married at the Alisal Guest Ranch, the Gables let people think that they were heading north towards San Francisco for a honeymoon. Instead, they doubled back to Gable's ranch at Encino. Here, Clark introduced his new bride to his ranch help. Sylvia, of course, charmed all of them off their feet. That night, she went back to her beach house, packed her honeymoon clothes and returned to Gable's ranch.

Next day, they motored up to San Francisco and boarded the boat for a two-week Honolulu honeymoon.



"I seem to have forgotten my wallet!"

The first question most movie-goers wanted answered when they heard of Gable's marriage was: "What kind of girl married Clark Gable—who is she, anyway?"

Well, she was born Sylvia Louise Hawkes, the daughter of an English footman, and for many years she has been regarded as Great Britain's Cinderella. When she was a teen-ager, she got a job as a London dressmaker's mannikin, and soon became known as "Silky"—because she could model long, slinky negligees most appealingly. Her heart, however, was always set on a stage career, and in 1926, she got a job as a chorus girl in *Midnight Follies,* then playing in London.

In very little time, tall, lovely Sylvia Hawkes became the darling of the stage-door Johnnies. She was invited to the homes of the British nobility; she met the earls and dukes and the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor), and they all found her witty, charming, and gay. One member of nobility fell madly in love with her. He was young Lord Ashley.

His parents, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, wouldn't hear of the match, so Sylvia and the young Lord, both madly impulsive, eloped and got married. In less than two years, however, the London papers were carrying notices to the effect that Lord Ashley would "no longer be responsible for any debts incurred by my wife."

However, it wasn't until seven years later—in 1934—that Lord Ashley would divorce Sylvia. He named as co-respondent in the divorce proceedings, Douglas Fairbanks, Senior—at that time still married to Mary Pickford.

A little more than a year later, after Doug and Mary had been divorced, Sylvia and Fairbanks were married in Paris. The U. S. Ambassador was the official witness, and the ceremony was performed in French. The couple honeymooned in China. The marriage supposedly was ideal, but it ended tragically when Fairbanks died of a heart attack in California. He left Sylvia a sum reputed to be in the neighborhood of $2,000,000 and she quickly became prominent in café society circles.

the sailor departs . . .

On January 19, 1944, however, Sylvia Hawkes drove around Boston in a taxicab looking for a minister who could marry her to Edward John, the sixth Baron Stanley, then a Lieutenant Commander in the British Navy. Cole Porter gave Sylvia away that night, but the Baron went to sea and she went to England to await his return. Unfortunately, that marriage didn't take, either, and in 1948, Lord Stanley sued his wife for a divorce in London on desertion grounds. Sylvia did not defend the suit. Instead, she came to the United States and started to live in the ocean-front house in Santa Monica that Fairbanks had left to her.

Three months ago, she and Gable began going to a few parties together. No one thought anything of it. Gable had first met her 15 years ago when she was married to Fairbanks. They were considered old acquaintances—nothing more.

Most of us had long been convinced that Gable would marry again, but we always thought he would choose someone like his third wife, Carole Lombard—very witty, very down-to-earth, very American. None of us ever thought he would marry a titled Englishwoman.

Clark, as everyone knows, has been married three times previously, once in 1924 to Josephine Dillon, a dramatic coach, once to Rhea Langham in 1931, and once to Carole Lombard in 1938. His marriage to Carole was called "the perfect union," and when she was killed in a plane crash near Las Vegas, three years later, Clark went into seclusion at his Encino ranch. His hair turned white at the temples, his face became lined, and he ordered that Carole's room remain just as it was when she left it—clothes still hanging in the closets, perfume bottles in the bathroom, hosiery rolled up into tight little balls.

It's been no secret that for the past nine years, Clark has been carrying the torch for his dead wife, subconsciously comparing to her every girl he went out with—and always having the escort fail to reach the Lombard standard.

About a year ago, a girl who had dated Gable occasionally was asked if she thought Clark would ever forget Carole Lombard. "I don't know," she said. "He's certainly tried. He joined the Air Forces; he turned intensely to hunting, fishing, and boating. He threw himself into his work. But my own opinion is that there's only one way in which a man like Gable can forget a woman he's loved. That way is by falling in love with another one. I'm not that woman."

She wasn't, either. But the whole world now knows who was. THE END

(*Clark Gable's newest movie is MGM's* Key to the City.)

lana turner's fight for happiness

(*Continued from page 37*) themselves a new house. And in all that time you could count on the fingers of one hand, and have a pinky left over, the times they have poked their famous faces out in public, the last occasion to a première and after that one drink and one dance at Mocambo—then silence again, from the playboy-playgirl pair whose wedding rocked Hollywood and the world with champagne, chi-chi, expensive glitter and fuss not much more than a year ago.

In all those long months, too, there wasn't even a stick of real Turner news out of MGM—only rumors. Lana would make this—then that—no, she wouldn't—not yet. Her last picture, *The Three Musketeers,* was finished two full years ago, and still there was no definite go-ahead green light on Lana's career after a honeymoon stretching over 19 months in Europe, New England, New York, Florida and the Bahamas—and now in Hollywood itself.

leading questions . . .

What happened, anyway? Had Bob tamed Lana, or Lana tamed Bob, and how and why and what goes on? I had a collection of questions as long as my arm about the Toppings. Was it true she was scrapping unreasonably with her studio? Was she overweight and out of condition for the camera? Was she back in Hollywood to stay? Was she happy? Was she changed? Was Bob contented away from his old playboy haunts? Was he a good husband to Lana, a good dad to her daughter, Cheryl? Had the Toppings laughed off the outrageous, embarrassing publicity punches they'd had from the very start of their marriage, or had they been left groggy and unsteady? How stood the union, the union which a skeptical world, knowing both partners and their pasts, refused to take seriously? I wanted those answers to these and more, straight from Lana herself.

But when I called MGM I got, "Lana's at home." When I called Lana there, I got, if I got her at all, "We're house-hunting day and night," and later, "Hedda, I'm up to my ears in painters and paperhangers." Lana had flitted by my house once, then breezed on fast, flinging, "Gotta pick up Cheryl at school." I was beginning to wonder why the heck Bob and Lana came back to Hollywood at all if they just were going to vanish like a pair of Garbos—when my phone rang one Sunday morning and Lana asked, "Hedda, can you sit on a packing case and like it?"

"Honey," I told her, "I've sat on lots worse things than that, and had the time of my life!"

"Good," she said. "Because I'm so thrilled—we're in our house and you've just *got* to see it! No furniture to speak of, but Bob's family things just arrived from Greenwich, and they're simply wonderful. Such lovely china, silver and laces, Bob's baby portrait, his high chair and—"

"Hold it, hold it!" I said. "I'll be right over. I can hardly wait—to start all over again figuring out Lana Turner."

Which is what I'm having to do. But, believe me, it's a pleasure.

Because the minute I stepped inside her door I found a girl I could, at long last, thoroughly admire. At 28, Lana Turner is finally mature, sure of herself, getting down to responsibilities and looking life straight in the face.

Now Lana knows what she wants—and she has it. That old troubled look is gone glimmering. "If the cameras could only bend down on you right this minute!" I said. "You never looked prettier."

"Thanks," Lana smiled, "and I'm hoping they will, soon as all this script trouble is ironed out. But meanwhile," she said with a serenity I never knew Lana Turner could possess about anything connected with Hollywood, "I'm not worrying. In fact, I couldn't be more relaxed. What comes first with the Toppings is us."

"Even before a career?"

Lana nodded. "I've learned how to live," she said simply. "I've got a home at last and all that goes with it. And you'll never know what fun and quiet peace there is in that."

Lana's home and all that goes with it—which means her Bob and baby girl, Cheryl—perches on a sloping three-acre hill above Sunset Boulevard where it winds through the rolling Holmby hills. It's a big, gray Norman-style mansion with those six television antennae sticking like a stack of crossed hairpins, straight into the sky. "KTOP" Bob calls it for a joke. Next door live Charlie Correll (who's Andy of Amos 'n' Andy) and his five kids; up the street are Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger with their brood; and right across, oddly enough, is the old house of Sonja Henie's, who used to be Bob Topping's sister-in-law.

"I want the dollar tour," I warned Lana. "I want to see everything and hear all about it, and why you two beautiful people are hugging your hearth like a pair of stuffed owls."

she's a honey
she's **jeanne crain**
on the **april**
cover of
modern screen
on sale
march 10

"You'll see," she laughed. "But let's get Bob in on the act—he's my pard now, you know. Papa!"

Well, I never thought I'd hear Bob Topping answer to "Papa"—and like it! But Bob obviously does. He came out of the den in shorts and a flowered sport shirt and seconded everything Lana told me by his easy-going, contented, happy-husband countenance.

I like Bob Topping. He hunts fun out of life and luckily he can afford it. The main fun he's having right now is trying to make Lana happy, showing her things she never knew about before, waking in her old too-Hollywood self the realization that she's a person, not just a painted doll, and that there are a lot of good things in life she's missed which he wants her to taste and thrill to. Take the house I was visiting for the first time: that was Bob's idea.

"He wanted me to come back to Hollywood, all along," said Lana. "Bob knew I'd be happiest here. It's not his country—he's an Easterner. But he knows all about me and what my life's been." Lana fingered the gold medallion of Saint Genesius, patron saint of actors, pinned to her dress. "He knows I've got to keep on acting. But he also knows I've got to live a new life. We both do. This"—and she indicated the big rooms before us empty of furniture, but already warm and lived in—"is our start."

Lana and Bob were so eager to get into their new home that they moved in before a carpet did, "rattling around," laughed Lana, "like a pair of dice." Lana robbed her old house on Crown Drive in Brentwood for a bed to sleep in and a breakfast set to eat off—and almost up until the day I looked in, that and the TV set were all the furniture they had. Even now in the big drawing room there was only a baby-grand piano—piled high with Lana's knick-knacks fresh out of packing boxes.

After we'd seen everything to see in the Toppings' new house clear down to Lana's mirrored powder-room (Bob calls it her "mad room"), I settled for the den—the only room you could yet call furnished and the smallest in the house. Her thousands of records crammed it, aud Bob's family books lined the walls. A recording machine sat on one table and on another—natch—a TV set. "From 6:30 to seven nobody speaks to anybody in this house," Lana said. "That's *Beanie* time." *Beanie* I discovered, is a television puppet show that started for kids and now has half of Hollywood's stars racing home from the studio to catch up on the rag doll's adventures. Bob and Lana are no exception. Cheryl started them off.

fond stepfather . . .

Lana's little girl is six-and-a-half now, growing like a weed. She started school at St. Paul's in nearby Westwood, where Bob likes to pick her up in the afternoons. Bob's awfully fond of Lana's daughter, and he's done all a stepdad can to make her life merry and give her the sense of security a fatherless child lacks. I know how grateful Lana is for that, because her own dad died when she was only 10.

Lana's a member of the St. Paul's parents' council and she takes her family life, her real life, seriously. About the Hollywood life she's just as serious maybe, but definitely not frantic about it—even though right before I saw her the script of *A Life of Her Own* had finally been tossed out and no picture whatever loomed ahead. I can recall when a career stalemate like that would have had Lana nibbling her fingernails to pieces, acting up impetuously on all sorts of bad advice from all sorts of people. But not now.

"I'm not fighting with MGM," she answered my question. "I don't fight with anybody now that I'm married—not even Bob," she laughed and he nodded agreement. "Life's too short and there's too much else in it, too many nice things. I said I'd come back and make a picture when they wanted me. They said they did last summer and out I came. It's just a case of scripts that didn't work out and nobody could be nicer about it. They'll get the right one soon and I'll get back to work and give it everything I have. Meanwhile—as you can see—I've been too busy to fret. But not having made a picture for so long, I'm afraid I won't be getting one of those again right away," said Lana ruefully, pointing up at the mantel to MODERN SCREEN's silver cup for having been voted 1948's most popular actress. (A few days later she was to be informed she'd duplicated the honor for 1949!) "But here's something else I'm proud of." And she yanked down two gold statuettes parked beside it. Statuettes of fish, of all things! "Cat Cay Club," they both read, "International Tuna Tournament." Lana's was marked, "Third Place" and Bob's "Seventh Place."

"What in the world do *you* know about fishing?" I wondered. "Not much," Lana grinned, "but I had the best teacher in the world—Bob." That's true enough. Bob has fished for giant bluefin all the way from the Caribbean to Nova Scotia—and those pictures you saw of Lana last spring parked beside a minnow three times her own size were not the Hollywood publicity kind. She caught it herself.

"You know what we're going to do next?" Lana quizzed me eagerly.

"After this, I couldn't guess," I told her. "What—shoot lions?"

Lana's face fell. "Who told you?"

"Good Heavens, Turner," I gasped, "nobody! You don't really *mean* it?"

"Sure we do," said Bob. "Lions and elephants and rhinos and whatever else we can scare up in Africa. It's a safari for us—just as soon as they get through with this picture of Lana's."

Well, I never! Again I never, never thought I'd picture even the prospect of Lana Turner in a pith helmet sighting down an elephant gun in the veldt! Talk about the movies—how fantastic can you get? But fantastic I like it—and if you could see what a superchanged, reborn gal that Turner is these days you'd exult with her too.

"What we want to do," Bob explained, "is lead a full and interesting life. And that doesn't mean sitting in one place to me—or to Lana, either, now. This home's our headquarters from now on out, but we're going to keep moving. Remember, Lana's contract has only two more years to run," he stated ominously.

"You mean she'll be through with Hollywood then?" He shrugged but Lana shook her head. "I'll be around as long as they'll have me," she said, "but in between pictures Bob and I have plans. We're going around the world. India, especially, I'm dying to see. You see, I married a traveling man."

Already Bob has circled the globe fifteen times. He's seen and done about everything there is to do in about as many departments as you can name. But you have to hand it to him, he's not jaded nor disillusioned, in spite of his three marriages.

I think Bob Topping and Lana Turner are well matched: while both are young, they've both been through the mill fairly thoroughly, had their heartaches and disappointments, made their mistakes, got their wild oats pretty well sown and watched the crops fizzle. The only way you learn anything from life is by living—and that's exactly what I found Lana doing, in ways strange and new to her, but satisfyingly familiar to less gilded girls.

But don't get me wrong. I never expect to see her baking pies in the kitchen or running the washing machine. Lana is frank about those things. "I never learned to cook or sew. I never had time and I never had to. And I'm not going to start at 28 because I still don't," she said honestly. "But I *am* going to make my family happy and be a good wife and mother or bust!"

I give full credit to Bob for helping Lana on the track to her happiness.

I remember the afternoon I called on the Topping newlyweds before they set out on their long honeymoon. At that point I wondered sadly, from the way things started off, if Lana hadn't made a mistake again. I asked playboy Bob Topping right out, "Why did you marry Lana?" and he answered, "Because I love her." I charged him to take care of her and he said, "Don't worry. I'm going to look after her."

I'm not too sure I believed Bob Topping then—or if I did it was with reservations. But I do now—and I haven't any holdbacks. He's been good for Lana.

That honeymoon cottage scene will soon be two whole years in the fading past, because this coming April 26, Lana and Bob will celebrate their second anniversary—and right in this very home which they will have spent almost a year getting ready for that event.

That's one party I don't want to miss—celebrating an anniversary, a housewarming, and by then, unless MGM's crazier than I think, a new Lana Turner picture, too.

So before I left I let it be known that I might just possibly be persuaded to attend. "Okay," laughed Lana. "You're invited right now."

"If you think you can take it, that is," put in Bob. "We had our first one in Nassau last April and it went on for two days and two nights."

"If I can't," I said, "I'm a sissy. But if I should honk out—do I get a raincheck on it?"

"There'll be one every year," said Lana. And I'm sure there will—somewhere—for Lana and Bob. They've fooled the experts so far, including myself, and they'll probably keep right on fooling 'em. I wouldn't know about the others, but as far as I'm concerned, that's perfectly O.K. It's fun to be fooled, believe me, the new Lana Turner way. THE END

strike!

(*Continued from page 40*) suggested Dick Clayton, mopping his face.

"Get *him,*" said Shelley. "Just when we're showing 'em up!" She took a sidewise glance at the score. "Oh—my!" she said, limply.

Then Sally Forrest and Barbra Fuller got their dates, Jerry Courtland and Dick Foote, to give them some coaching. The boys were big-hearted—with their score they could afford to be.

Art Linkletter showed us a few of the things we did wrong. "Maybe," he suggested, "if you took off your shoes, you could get more freedom in your swing."

On or off, it didn't help. We were about as graceful as if we'd been wearing cement wedgies.

Art kids so much that sometimes it's hard to tell if he's serious. So maybe he was or maybe he wasn't when he told us how he happened to buy the bowling alley. Art lived two blocks from the place and spent most of his free time there. One day, according to Art, the Alley's manager said to him, "Don't you think it'd be cheaper if you just bought the place?"

Art replied, "You might be right. What's the price?" The manager quoted a sum. "Sold," said Art.

"Then," said Art, "three weeks after I bought this place the family moved. We now live seven miles from here."

On the next lane, Sally Forrest was proceeding nicely under the tutelage of Cojo (that's Jerry Courtland's nickname). We can't say the same in Barbra Fuller's case. She had drawn two instructors, Dick Foote and Dick Clayton. The two Dicks were cutting some pretty fancy capers, bowling left- and right-handed, bowing their legs and pushing the ball between them, and indulging in other antics. With all their "assistance," Barbra became even more confused.

Since Art bought the bowling alley, most of us have been frequent visitors. Only newcomer was Keefe Brasselle, and Art soon found out about him. Adopting his best quiz-master tone he quizzed as follows:

"Your name is?"

"Keefe Brasselle."

"You've appeared in?"

"*Not Wanted* and *Never Fear* with Sally Forrest."

"You're under contract to?"

"MGM."

"You live at?"

"Say," said Keefe, "do I get a refrigerator with this interview?"

One thing Art didn't learn was that Keefe's first job after the Army was in a factory where the employees had a bowling club. Keefe had been one of their champs. (He didn't mention this fact until *after* the game.)

The match was resumed and what happened to our team—shouldn't have. To put it very mildly, the fellas won.

They tell us 300 is a perfect score and Douglas Dick chalked up an amazing 299! When the scores were finally added up, he was presented with a miniature gold bowling trophy.

There was also a consolation prize for low scorer, Adele Mara. She received a tennis racket. Adele got the idea.

By the time the battle of the bowlers came to an end, Reba had a foot cramp, Barbra Fuller was nursing a broken fingernail, and the rest of the gang was wilting faster than a floorwalker's carnation.

"Uh-h-h-h—how about that food we were promised?" said Dick Clayton.

"At once, sir!" said Art. "Right this way!"

Even if we girls did have to fix it, the idea of leaving the lanes was as welcome as money from home. It was amazing how fast we revived at the sight of food. The fellas gallantly didn't keep us to our promise, but pitched in and helped out. Dick Clayton and Lex Barker took over the short orders department. Donning chef caps and ankle-length galley aprons, they scurried about the kitchen, dishing up fried onions, chili and beans, and hot tamales.

Jerry Courtland manned the soda fountain. He sure was miserly with his servings. His scoops of ice cream were about the size of a golfball.

"What's the matter, Courtland?" complained Dick Foote. "You dole food like you're working for the management."

Jerry ignored this until he found himself on a treadmill. He'd no sooner finish serving one end of the counter than the other end would be ready for refills. *Then* his servings got more generous.

We all ordered wonderful, weird concoctions. Barbra Fuller wanted "a piece of marble cake, topped by two scoops of ice cream swimming in fudge sauce, topped with whipped cream, roasted almonds, and cherries." Of course, this type of dessert is designed exclusively for girls who, like Barbra, weigh 103 pounds, work eight hours a day in Republic films, and play a couple of sets of tennis weekly.

Sally Forrest invented a "Linkletter Sundae." It contained a sample of every flavoring and ice cream the fountain served. "It'd look just like a rainbow," said Sally, admiring her masterpiece, "if only it had a dash of green."

"Wait until you've eaten it," advised Dick Foote, "and you'll supply that yourself."

Art was certainly a perfect host. He didn't even object when Dick Clayton dropped a scoop of ice cream on the floor. He good-naturedly retrieved it and cautioned, "Be sure you put this in *your* sundae."

"This has really been fun," said Jerry Courtland as he polished off his third double-malted.

"But next time," said Shelley, "we've got to pick our teammates for bowling a little more carefully."

"Next time," said Art, looking at his dismantled kitchen and his vanishing stock of ice cream, "next time—you bring box lunches!" THE END

1950 is the Cinderella year

...*the waiting is over!*

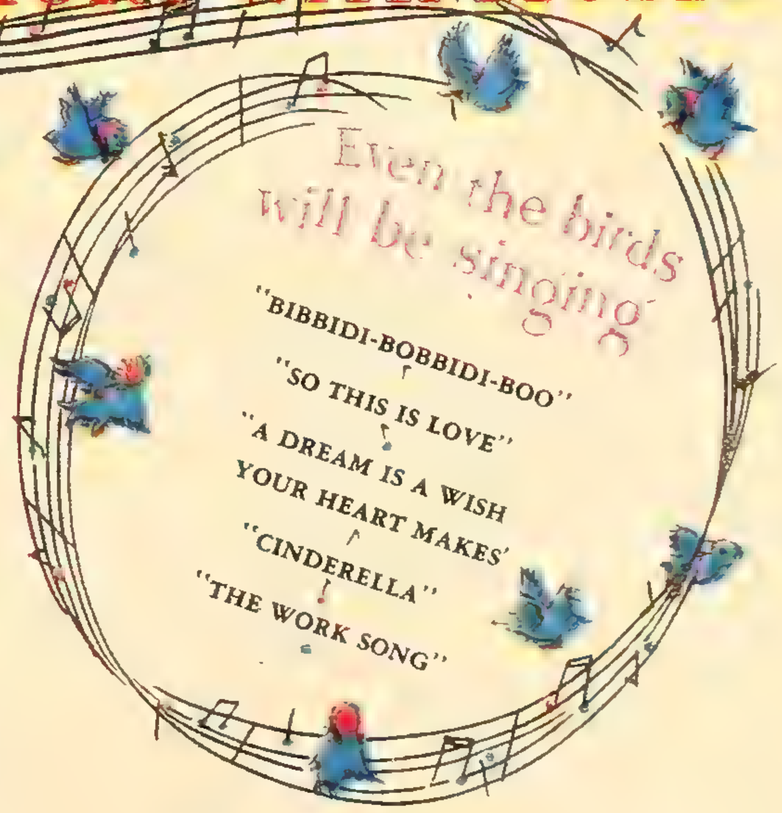


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It's coming your way to fill your heart with a happiness you'll never forget!

A magical musical

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dangerous paradise

(*Continued from page 24*) myself was absolutely correct."

As for the actress, these were the words she uttered in December: "I have decided to give up my artist's career because I want to live my own life just as any other woman."

In short, Ingrid Bergman wants to be free to have as many children as she likes, to raise them as she sees best, to marry and stay married to the man she loves above all others.

No longer will she countenance living her private life in public. As Mrs. Roberto Rossellini, she will undoubtedly submerge into a domesticity essentially foreign to her ambitious nature. But in time, she may become accustomed to the anonymity she has never known and which she is currently seeking.

In time, too, when the hullabaloo and publicity have diminished, she may renounce her decision and return to acting, because up until the time she met Roberto, Ingrid's great, burning enthusiasm had been for acting.

ingrid's dream . . .

I remember once when I interviewed her in New York—she was playing in *Joan of Lorraine* at that period—and I asked her about her childhood. "I was lonely always," she told me, "and I turned to acting. I would get dressed in my mother's old clothes and I would read poetry aloud—not poems of nature, but funny poems and sad poems—and I dramatized them.

"Sometimes I acted for old people, and I was happy to do it for them, but not for young people because I was terrified of anyone my age. As far back as I can remember, however, I have always wanted to be an actress. It has been my one, all-consuming desire. It has been and still is my life."

She said the above to me a few short years ago—and now all she wants is peace, privacy, and the companionship of the man she loves.

To achieve these she has sacrificed her fame, her fortune, and her reputation to live in what, at this writing, is still a dangerous paradise.

Fate and time and circumstance have all conspired against her.

If, for example, Dr. Lindstrom had only taken Ingrid at her word when he visited Messina last year; if he had only believed that she had fallen deeply, completely in love with Rossellini; if only he had granted her the divorce she had requested over and over again in 1949—then Ingrid might well have escaped the world censure which has been brought down so overwhelmingly upon her head.

Perhaps in the United States it is fashionable to point the finger of shame at Ingrid because she was out of love with her husband—she had asked for a divorce long before she met Rossellini. But many marriages in America end in divorce. Ingrid, like any other woman, is also of flesh and blood, and it is only natural that, not loving, she sought for love—and found it with the charming Italian film director.

Perhaps Ingrid is finished in the American land of her adoption, but in Italy and all over the continent of Europe, despite all the water that has flowed under the bridge, she is still very much loved—and understood.

In Rome, for example, people say, "What else could she have done? She did the honorable thing. She was not in love with her husband when she fell in love with Rossellini. She told her husband the truth. She asked for a divorce. For months no divorce was forthcoming, so she and Roberto sought a divorce in a European country where it was possible to secure one. What should she have done after she finished *Stromboli*—return to a husband she no longer loved? That would have been the living of a lie."

Movie-goers in Europe feel strongly that Ingrid had very little happiness in life until she met Rossellini. There is some evidence to support that contention.

Ingrid was an orphan and an only child. Her mother died when she was two and her father when she was 12. She went to live with an aunt, and the aunt died the following year, when Ingrid was 13. "She died in my arms," Ingrid told me several years ago. "She died when we were all alone, and I telephoned and telephoned but no one came."

Ingrid as a young girl was tall, awkward, and poor. She had few friends, and when she was accepted at 17 by the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, that was a great moment of her life.

But even in school, her poverty followed, and she had to take side-jobs. One of these was with a Swedish film company, and that's how she got into motion pictures.

She soon became one of Sweden's top actresses and in 1938 her picture, *A Woman's Face,* was chosen by the International Film Exposition the year's best picture. That same year, she married Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and the following year she gave birth to her daughter, Pia.

For a year, I believe she was genuinely happy. After that year, however, she was constantly beset by doubts and problems and career decisions.

Finally, David Selznick succeeded in getting her to come to Hollywood. Some say that Ingrid was in a constant state of dissatisfaction from the moment she first saw Hollywood Boulevard.

This is undoubtedly an exaggeration, but certainly, she wasn't happy. To begin with, she was separated from her husband. He went to the University of Rochester to study medicine, and Ingrid went to Selznick's to study English.

She learned the language quickly, quickly enough to realize that Selznick's operation was built around the loan-out procedure. In all the years Bergman was with Selznick, 1939-45, she made only two Selznick productions. She was loaned out for eight others, with Selznick receiving far more for her services than the $2,000 a week he was paying her.

Then, too, there was the question of story-selection. In 1945, Ingrid refused to renew her contract with Selznick because she wasn't particularly pleased with the films she had made. When Maxwell Anderson offered her an opportunity to star in his drama, *Joan of Lorraine,* she quickly left Hollywood and moved to New York for the run of the play.

In New York, she was separated from her husband a good deal. Having finished his interneship at the Los Angeles County Hospital and his specialization in brain surgery, he became the assistant of Dr. Tracy Putnam in Beverly Hills.

His calm Scandinavian temperament made him an excellent man with the knife, but his knowledge of the entertainment world was less than considerable; he and Ingrid began to drift apart.

As a matter of fact, Ingrid asked for a separation while she was in New York. She hadn't fallen in love with any other man, but she felt that she and Lindstrom had come to the parting of ways.

There was no divorce but there was a geographical separation. After a year's run, Ingrid returned to Hollywood and Lindstrom. She made two unsuccessful films, *Arch of Triumph* and *Joan of Arc.* Ingrid then began to take inventory. Artistically, her career seemed stymied. She could find no story in Hollywood that she really wanted to do. One night, she saw Rossellini's picture, *Open City.* She had met Roberto in Paris the summer before, so she wrote him at once to suggest she make a film with him. Rossellini flew to Hollywood. He took Ingrid dining. Reporters who saw the pair at La Rue wrote that never before had Ingrid looked so radiant, so beautiful, so alive.

Together, Ingrid and Rossellini planned a film to be made in Italy. They conferred with Sam Goldwyn for financial backing. Goldwyn turned them down, largely because Roberto insisted upon running the entire show. Next, the pair went to RKO, and Howard Hughes agreed to back them.

falling in love . . .

Life now took on a rosy hue for Ingrid. It's problematical if she knew it back then—but she was falling in love with Rossellini.

In Italy her love matured and blossomed. Rossellini quickly secured an annulment of his marriage to the wife from whom he had long been separated. He wanted to be able to marry Ingrid the moment she got her divorce.

Ingrid tried, but Dr. Lindstrom would not grant a hasty divorce. He felt that Ingrid was undergoing a schoolgirl crush, an infatuation that would end with the final shooting of *Stromboli.*

How wrong he was, the whole world now knows. For Ingrid Bergman was never one to give her heart lightly and with carefree abandon.

In giving her heart to Roberto Rossellini, she knew full well that she was also giving her life.

That, at least, is how the Bergman-Rossellini love affair shapes up to the average European movie-fan. The feeling is widespread in Europe that these two were and are prisoners of love, enmeshed in a web of circumstance.

Everyone abroad hopes wholeheartedly that someday soon, after she has had all the children and domesticity she wants, Ingrid Bergman will return to triumphs on the screen.

She is not the first woman in the world whom circumstances and her own heart have driven into a situation which, by conventional standards, public opinion condemns.

She is as fine, as talented, and as beautiful an actress as the Old World has ever produced. When you see her in *Stromboli,* I'm sure you'll agree that talent such as Ingrid Bergman's is too rare to be driven from the screen.

THE END



HOW TIME FLIES

Errol Flynn's seemingly gone in for the contemplative life. On the set, he spends all his spare time scribbling and has turned down invitations right and left with the explanation that he can't afford the time away from his writing. Further proof that Flynn's giving up the more tempestuous pleasures of life for the quiet tempo is the fact that he's put his yacht, *Sirocco* on the market.—*Modern Screen, March, 1940.*

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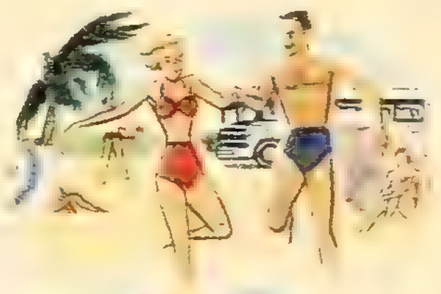
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lucky finds in fashion

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Every now and then you run across a fashion—a dress or a suit or a blouse—which seems to be plain lucky. It looks like a million, gets you lots of compliments, fits to a T, never seems to wear out—and costs unbelievably little in the first place. Once in a while, we said. You hardly expect such luck *every* time you go shopping. Not unless somebody arranges it ahead of time .... and who's going to do the arranging, if Modern Screen doesn't? Which we have.

In this issue, we present nothing *but* lucky finds. We've lined up everything from a panty to a suit, and each and every fashion has what it takes to make you feel lucky buying it (the price), loving it (the looks), and wearing it (the quality).

On page 66 we kick off with two superb blouses—one tailored, one embroidered—both meant to make a suit or skirt sing. On page 67, we show a super suit you'd swear costs twice the price.

On pages 68-69, we concentrate on size with hand-picked lucky finds for you half-sizes, you teens and juniors, and you misses.

And on page 71, we wind up with undies you will drool over. They're part of the big rush for roses (very high fashion!), and they have that pampered, perfumed, lovely from-the-skin-out glamour you imagine only an heiress can afford. But they're easy on the pocketbook, like all our lucky finds!

Pat White takes it easy in lucky find pajamas

■ Patricia White, currently appearing in RKO-Radio's *Tattooed Stranger*, relaxes prettily in jaunty tailored pajamas with gay striped neckline.

They have an adjustable waistline for trig fit, and trouser pleats to make you look trim as a sailor. In fine colorfast non-shrinking broadcloth, in your choice of aqua, cream, blue, pink with multicolor stripes. Proportionette sizes 32-38. By Tommies. $4.95.

At The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C. Other information, page 72.

Deep...deeper...
deepest cleansing ever!

If casual cleansing helps, just think what *deep-cleansing* will do! For only the cleanest skin can look really young and lovely.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper. It contains Penaten—the amazing penetrating agent that *actually goes deeper into pore openings*. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream *smooths more effectively, too*. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that lovely little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to $1.39 plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

Penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

modern screen fashions



lucky finds

for spring

■ Above left: The tailored blouse, with handsome tucked shirt front, plunging neckline, button-down collar tabs, and gleaming pearl buttons. In fine sanforized cotton broadcloth. White, maize, blue, pink, beige. Sizes 32-38. A Renée blouse by Murray. $5.95. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

■ Above right: The soft blouse, delicately made, smooth and expensive looking. Fine washable tissue faille, with graceful sprays of embroidered flowers. Wonderful under a suit, smart with a skirt. White, pink, mint, maize, blue. Sizes 32-38. A Vanity Original. $5.95. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.



■ Right: Crisp suit you'd swear cost twice the price. Beautifully fitting jacket, with double split pockets; all around pleated skirt. It's worsted and rayon, dashingly checked in navy and red; toast and brown; or grey and maize. Lined in crepe. Sizes 10-18. By Suitgems. $19.95. The Hecht Co., Washington.

jewelry by Coro





lucky finds

sized to fit

in misses' sizes

Far left: Sophisticated cotton, blazed with satin stripes to catch your audience's eye—peg-pocketed to prove you know your fashions. In fine satin-striped chambray. Grey ground with green, royal blue or wine stripes. Sizes 12-20. By Sorority. $5.95. The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

in half sizes

Left: Navy polka, especially styled to make the most of the 5′ 5½″- and-under figure. Diagonally buttoned bodice, soft peplum—magic slimmers. Rayon crepe with taffeta shawl collar, buttons and bow. In sizes 14½-24½ (14½ equals 16, 16½ equals 18, etc.) By Rite-Fit. $7.95. The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.

in teen sizes

Right: Polka dots for the young and giddy, sized just for teens and juniors. Tricky little stand-up tied collar, carefree little skirt ruffle. Sanforized and mercerized vat-dyed broadcloth. Maize, blue, pink or aqua. Jr. sizes 9-15, or teen sizes 10-16. $5.95. By My Girl Dresses. At The Hecht Co., Washington, see page 72.



jewelry by coro

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by Max Factor



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COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐	BROWNETTE
Freckled ☐	Black ☐	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
Olive ☐		REDHEAD
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	LIGHT ☐ DARK ☐
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐	If hair is Gray, check
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med. Dark	type above & here ☐



A

B

modern screen fashions

lucky finds—

with romantic roses

Springtime is flowertime—
and what's more glamorous than American Beauties blooming on
your undies? They're hand-painted
on Bur-Mil rayon crepe, wash
like hankies. Incredibly luxurious
at such tiny prices! White, pink,
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black. All by Shirley Ray.

A. Half-slip with elastic waist.
Small, medium, large. $2.95.

B. Slip with beautifully moulded
bodice. Sizes 32-40. $2.95.

C. Adorable panties—cut
saucily full. Sizes 26-30. $1.95.

D. Nightgown—rose spray on one
shoulder. Sizes 32-40. $3.95.

C

D

All at The Hecht Co.,
Washington, D. C.
For how to buy, see page 72



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Cincinnati 25, Ohio

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Where You Can Buy Modern Screen Fashions

All the Lucky Find fashions on pages 65-71 are currently featured at,

The Hecht Company
7th & F Sts., NW
Washington 4, D.C.

in the following departments:

Lucky Find broadcloth pajamas worn by Pat White in color photograph (page 65)
Lingerie Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find plunging neckline cotton blouse (page 66)
Blouse Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find embroidered tissue faille blouse (page 66)
Blouse Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find checked suit with double split pockets (page 67)
Sportswear Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find sophisticated satin striped cotton dress (page 68)
Daytime Dress Department, Third Floor.

Lucky Find polka dot half-size dress (page 68)
Budget Dress Shop, Third Floor.

Lucky Find broadcloth teen dress with polka dots and ruffle (page 69)
Teen Circle, Second Floor.

Lucky Find American Beauties half-slip, slip, panties and gown (page 70-71)
Lingerie Department, Third Floor.

You may also order by mail, write:

The Hecht Company
7th & F Sts., NW
Washington 4, D.C.

speaking of my son

(*Continued from page 29*) never shine as a soldier or fit into the life my father and brothers or the male relatives of his father had pursued. They were all in the Army or Navy. In England, you know, our children are encouraged to follow in the father's footsteps.

"Peter was always play-acting. He would write his own little plays and speeches. He was an avid reader of cinema magazines and everything he could get his hands on that told about film players."

Lady Lawford led a very active life. She wrote for several London papers and was interested in politics. About the time Peter announced he was to be a movie star, his mother was working with a group which included Lord Rothermere and Sir Thomas Paulson. Sir Thomas made movies and owned the Elstree Studios. One afternoon Peter came by with his nurse to take his mother home and was introduced to Sir Thomas.

The boy perked up at once when he heard his new acquaintance was the boss at Elstree and deliberately went out of his way to impress him. He wangled an invitation to spend a day at Elstree and his mother agreed to take him.

"On the way to the studio I noticed Peter was very intense and talked excitedly about this chance to get into a studio and be a picture star," Lady Lawford told me. "I told him he ought to put all such nonsense out of his head and think about going to Sandhurst where his uncles and cousins had gone. That's the West Point of England, you know.

"But he told me he knew he was going to be asked to be a picture actor at the studio and that he would then be a star. I couldn't help laughing at him, he was so sure of himself! Finally he took my

hand and said earnestly, 'Mother, if I am not offered a part today I will give the whole thing up and concentrate on being a general—but you have to promise me something. If they do offer me a part you must let me take it.'

"This seemed an easy thing to promise, because I believed the possibilities of his being asked to work at Elstree were so remote I was on very safe ground. He made me cross my heart and swear I would not forget my promise. We went through several rituals he thought would be additionally binding. His governess was the witness and she crossed her heart, too. To Peter it was a life-or-death matter."

movie authority . . .

To Lady Lawford's astonishment, when they walked about the sound stages the seven-year-old Peter was able to explain everything to her. He had read all about how pictures were made in both American and English movie magazines.

When they went into the office of the head man, Peter treated the visit as a test of his acting abilities and went at once into his stunts. The mother tried to break it up several times but the child wouldn't be side-tracked.

"Then to my horrified amazement the fellow sent for Monty Banks, who was a director at Elstree, and told him to give Peter a camera test," Lady Lawford said. "The rest of the day unfolded like a crazy sort of dream. They wanted Peter for a child's role in *Ole Bill* and I must say he passed all the tests they gave him with flying colors.

"It was then that my promise came back to slap me right in the face. There was nothing I could say or do. Peter assumed, of course, that I would never break faith with him because I never had.

"I told him we'd have to take it up with his father. 'Oh, Father will understand that you gave me your word and that you can't break it,' my nimble-minded son remarked. And later developments proved that he understood his father very well.

"I telephoned the General and explained the situation. 'You can't very well go back on your word, you know,' the General reminded me. 'Let him do this one movie. It probably won't hurt him and it may get the whole thing out of his mind.'

"I foolishly imagined no one would hear about it—but next day the newspapers were already headlining the fact that Peter was a new child actor.

"Of course the first one I heard from that evening was my father. 'Be here to see me at 10 in the morning,' he ordered coldly and hung up.

"I was there. Even married children in England take orders from their parents but the one thing he couldn't make me do was break faith with my son. He told me he was cutting me out of his will and that my sisters would never speak to me again.

"And so I cut myself off from my family. My sisters haven't spoken to me since and my father died without forgiving me. But I have never been sorry I kept faith with Peter. We have gone through some very difficult times together since that casual visit to a movie studio—which turned out to be the turning point in the lives of myself and the General as well as Peter."

Several other picture roles fell to Peter at Elstree and he was advertised as the British Jackie Coogan. Then a blow fell which staggered the child.

A law was passed in Parliament barring all children under 14 from the stage or screen.

"I've often suspected my family had a good deal to do with getting that law passed," Lady Lawford said. "At least it got Peter off the screen without delay and stopped all the publicity that was so irksome to my family."

It had been the custom of the Lawfords to travel a great deal and spend many of their winters at Monte Carlo so when Peter's film career in England halted, they packed their bags for a trip.

There was no law barring children from work in France and Peter took up his career again on the French screen. Then a tragic accident occurred which set him back for several years.

He was playing on a hillside with some other children and began running down when he tripped and crashed headlong into a French glass door in the house in which they were living.

His right arm was almost severed at the elbow. Hospital doctors examined him and broke the news to his mother. He would have to lose his arm. It was too badly injured to save.

"We will just put him to sleep and not worry him about it if you give your consent," they told her.

"Oh, but Peter has to give his consent, too," the frantic mother said. "I couldn't let you take his arm off and let him wake up and find it gone. We will have to talk it over."

She broke the news to the lad as gently and casually as possible and waited for his reaction.

"That's a lot of nonsense, Mother," Peter



said. "You know as well as anyone you've always taught me that prayer can see you through a lot of bad times, and here you are at your first big test giving up without a prayer.

"We'll not let them take off my arm. We'll start praying right now, both of us—and you can write to our friends and ask them to help, too. If we all pray earnestly enough my arm will get well."

Once again Peter's mother was right up against the consequences of having imbued her son with absolute faith in her word of honor.

"When I told the doctors that we would not amputate Peter's arm, they probably thought I was out of my mind. However, the ligaments had not been severed and with God's grace it began to heal. Slowly, slowly but surely, the healing process went on."

Now the Lawfords' course of life changed entirely. Medical men agreed Peter's arm would take months and maybe years to heal and that it never would be entirely normal again. The circulation would always be poor and worse if he lived in a cold climate.

"This meant we would not be able to live in England in the winter," Lady Lawford explained. "So we decided to move to Florida where the climate was equitable winter and summer."

Their fortunes took a sharp slump when World War II broke out because they could get no more large sums of money out of England.

"All my faith in my son was then justified because with poise and assurance he began to take over the management of our lives," Lady Lawford told me with great pride.

"He told me the first thing we'd have to do was to let all our servants go. I asked him who he thought was going to do the cooking and he told me I was. He said he and his father would do the housework.

practical pete . . .

"I never had cooked a meal in my life so he advised me to get on to how things were run in the kitchen before I let the help go. I had no idea he was so practical.

"That afternoon he came back home with a startling announcement. He had a job. He was going to manage a parking lot. He would get $25 a week and with his tips that would see us through.

"He was a success. His friends rallied round and saw to it that the parking lot he managed did a good business. The proprietor was more than pleased. He had lost money on the lot before Peter took over because some of the men he had in charge had been dishonest.

"But back in Peter's head there always was the plan to get back into movies. He wasn't 18 yet and he didn't want to bother with going to school because he felt that he had learned more than most boys of his age through intensive tutoring and study.

"So he bided his time until he was 18 and then an opportunity came for him to drive to Hollywood with a family friend and he took off. He got a job almost at once managing a small movie theater and sent for us.

"He had an apartment for us when we arrived but there was no furniture. We had had to sell our furniture in Florida because we could not afford to ship it to California.

"Peter said never to mind, we'd get things as we went along. He went to auctions and bought up a few pieces of old furniture.

"He had been nosing about to see if he could get into a studio. In his job at the Westwood theater he took care to speak up to movie people he met.

"Of course he concentrated on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, because when he was a boy he had been in a picture made in England by that company and then he had played a role at the Culver City studio when we stopped here on a trip around the world.

"When they were casting for *Mrs. Miniver* he managed to get a small part. They put him in *White Cliffs of Dover* next and he had a chance to show his acting ability. After that the path cleared up for him and he's been forging ahead ever since. Only the other day he signed a new seven-year contract.

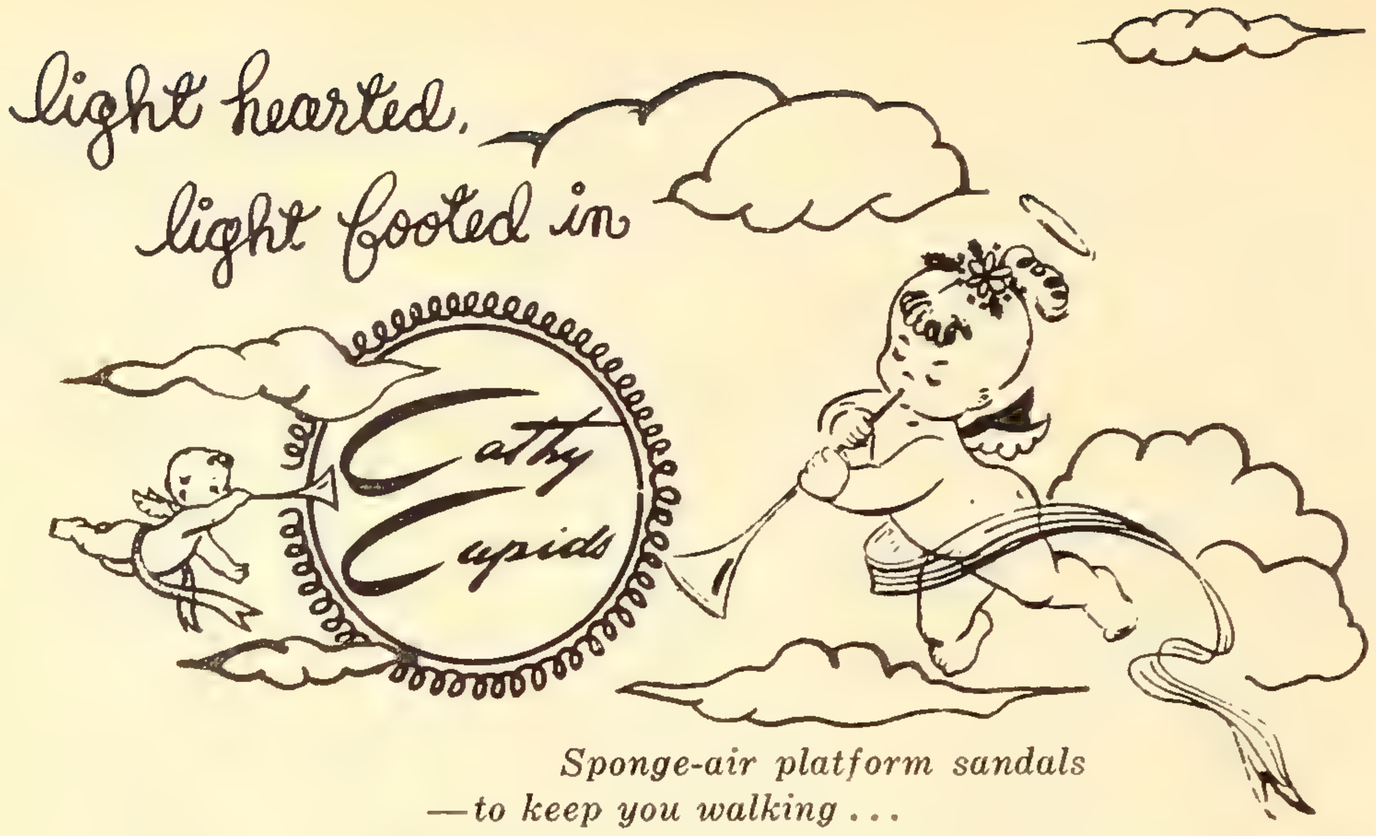
"We are really guests in this home. It is Peter's house. He keeps it up. We only manage it for him."

Lady Lawford told me she had never regretted keeping faith with Peter on that afternoon at the Elstree Studio.

"The going has been rough at times but the General and I have always thought we have the finest son in the world."

From what I could see at the very livable home out Brentwood way where the Lawfords live, I think the General and Lady Lawford are right. Peter Lawford is a son to be proud of. THE END

(Peter Lawford's newest movie is MGM's Please Believe Me.)



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how liz grew up

(*Continued from page 47*) Father were supposed to accompany us but could not because Mother came down with a headache and Father decided to stay home with her. We hung around the Mocambo just long enough for Vic Damone to sing his numbers. Then, with Vic, we all returned home, where we sprawled out on the floor in front of the fireplace with some fried chicken and two quarts of milk.

The accidental visit? The same foursome—Liz, Vic, Mara and I—went to the movies in Vic's car. We were only going to see one picture but stayed for two so that it was time for Vic to do his first number at the club when we got out. We went over with him and waited until he was through. And then we went home again.

As for Vic, he is a friend not only of Liz but of the family. We all like him very much. I wouldn't want to know a more honest, nicer guy, nor one with as complete a lack of pretentiousness. The other day, when Vic was having dinner with us, Mother had trouble finding the bell under the table which summons the maid to bring the next course. She complained that someone had moved it and Vic laughed.

"We never have that trouble in *my* house," he said. "We have no bell. Even if we had a bell—we have no maid. Mother or my sisters cook the meal and we all pitch in to clean the dishes."

Under the circumstances, you can't blame me if I consider that columnists who report things like Liz' "nightly" nightclubbing are pretty silly.

first date . . .

Liz' first date with a boy never took place until she was almost 16. That was when Marshall Thompson took her to a preview and not only did Mother and Dad go along, but Marshall's mother and dad as well.

I remember Liz' 15th birthday was celebrated with a party at the home of a friend in Mandeville Canyon. I had to come to the rescue and agree to bring the boys I knew because neither Liz nor most of her girl friends had boyfriends they knew well enough to ask!

At that time, only two years ago, Liz was practically established as a star. That sounds glamorous. But the cars which brought the male guests to the birthday party of that glamorous star were as scarred and beaten a collection of jalopies as you have ever seen.

We have always been a small, closely-knit foursome—Father, Mother, and we two kids—living a very quiet life, and that's something you don't want to see broken up if you're a part of it. We've held to it pretty closely. We do many things together, some of them in defiance of popular custom, because *we* like it. It's only a few years since we gave up our Sunday morning bicycle jaunt, when all four of us would go wheeling along the bridle paths through Beverly Hills. We were the only family in town to do this, I might point out, and therefore occasionally got some odd looks from passersby—but, as I said, *we* liked it.

My earliest memory of Liz goes back to England when she was about four and I was nearly seven. We were pretty inseparable, as Liz was always tagging along, so when I think of my childhood, Liz is pretty much in the center of my memories. If I misbehaved and was stubborn about being repentant, it was always Liz who saved my hide when Father or Mother took me to account.

"He's sorry, Mummy," she would say,

as I stood silent. Then she would nudge me with elbow or knee and whisper desperately, "Go on! Say you're sorry!"

Once I went fishing for tadpoles and minnows in a muddy ditch which workmen had dug out to drain a pond on our place. I had a net to help me. Liz had nothing but her hands but she scooped away industriously—until she suddenly lost her footing and fell head-first in the mud, her legs waving wildly in the air.

I pulled her out and, according to Mother (I hardly remember the incident myself), cleared her nostrils and mouth of the mud so she could breathe. The doctor is reported to have said that I saved Liz' life this way. I don't know whether I did or not, but years later, at Malibu Beach, there was no doubt about the fact that Liz saved mine.

This was when we were all horseback riding along the sand, and my horse, which we later learned had hardly been ridden before, threw me on my head at the very water's edge, so that I lay unconscious and began washing out to sea.

Liz was riding King Charles—or "The Pie," as he was known in *National Velvet*—and galloped back to get me. People were standing all about but none would hold "The Pie" for her—they seemed scared after seeing my horse rear about. Liz had to let him go and come after me in the water. By this time I was well out into the breakers and she could have done with a little help but everyone seemed too stunned to move. Alone, and needing every ounce of her strength, she managed to drag me back to shore where someone finally stepped forward to help.

When I had whooping cough as a child, Liz insisted she wanted it too—and she stuck close to me until she got it. At that time, as no longer is the case, it was considered wisest to let children catch it and get it over with, so my parents didn't object. But they did warn her to stay clear of me when I caught the measles. Liz didn't. Every chance she got she sneaked into my room. As a matter of fact, she wanted to catch the measles because we were going to school by then and Liz wasn't liking it too well. She saw measles as her chance to stay home—but it didn't work out for her. She didn't catch it and was quite disappointed about staying healthy.

strictly business . . .

We came to America to live in 1939. Liz was seven and I was nearly 10. That was in May. Hardly two months later Liz and I were in business together in Pasadena. I whipped together a lemonade stand of fruit-box construction, complete with parasol to protect me from the sun. Liz helped make the lemonade and then became salesman. She used direct means. We lived on Fairview Avenue then, which is a fairly busy street in Pasadena. Liz went out to the middle of it and waved cars and trucks to a stop, insisting that the drivers get out and buy lemonade.

Business was fine until Liz happened to stop a Ford which was being driven by Mother. We immediately went into receivership, inasmuch as Mother confiscated everything until we promised to change our selling methods to a strict sidewalk approach only.

Later on I went through the usual phase that hits boys who have sisters of about the same age—they consider them nuisances. I remember that Liz was sharply annoyed by this change in my attitude, and I did feel guilty about it because we had been so close up to then. But it was a very short-lived phase and we got over it soon, the principal reason being that most of the things that boys complain about in regard to their sisters I could not blame on Liz. She was close to me—but never a pest.

Incidentally, playing with a brother all the time gave her some tomboyish traits that we still laugh about. At Christmas time she hardly paid any attention to her dolls. She played with me at my games while Mother played with Liz' dolls. And playing with my games cost Liz something. She still has a tiny, pinpoint of a scar just above her lip from the time when I proved I was no William Tell. That's where my arrow hit instead of the apple she was balancing on her head.

When we moved to Beverly Hills (which was still before the movies came into our lives), we were just getting used to American schools. We both had found school easier here than in England but our attitudes toward the change were different. I goofed off altogether and had to do a lot of catching up to make up for lost ground—Liz, always a little apprehensive of school, took it more seriously and kept up better. And it was at this point that she began to make girl friends who are still her closest companions.

old favorites . . .

I'll bet that right today you can go to any of our neighbors and they'll recall Liz as one of the three little girls who used to come to their doors asking for old playing cards. Liz used to do this with Ann Westmore and Carol Phillips. And the other week Liz and Mother were going through Liz' dresser when they found three old cigar boxes full of the old cards she used to treasure so highly—still does, as a matter of fact, because Liz lingered over them for an hour, recalling her old favorites, before she carefully put the boxes away.

So this was how we lived, and the sort of family we were, when Liz appeared in her first picture, *Lassie Come Home.* I remember going to the preview and, as far as Liz and I were concerned, there was no feeling that she was any sort of celebrity. I know this because when we went out to the lobby, Rod McDowall was being besieged by a lot of kids asking for autographs and Liz and I just stood there watching with the rest of the crowd. And when some of the kids happened to see her and asked if she would sign their autographs, Liz couldn't believe it. "Who—me?" she asked incredulously. And when they said yes, and she signed, she kept shooting stares at me as if to make sure I wouldn't start laughing.

I didn't laugh—but I sure didn't get it.

Liz' entrance into pictures was so gradual that it seemed to make no difference at all in our lives—at first. With *Lassie,* with *Jane Eyre* and with *White Cliffs of Dover,* she would be busy for a few weeks and then everything would be as before.

But with *National Velvet,* and after that, when she had to take her schooling in the studio, the change was apparent. Yet, it had all happened so gradually that we didn't take notice until it was done. Not till then did we wake up to the fact that Liz was no longer just a daughter and a sister in our household, she was a name and a personality to the world.

We keep hoping that the first can go with the second. Mother was talking about this to Irene Dunne the other day and Miss Dunne said, "I know what you mean. It seems at first as if a normal life will be impossible because she's a public figure. But it isn't. I think I have had a very happy, normal life. It is difficult—but possible."

Well, from head to toe, from within to without, I am unable to see any difference between the Elizabeth Taylor who is my kid sister and the Elizabeth Taylor who is a motion picture star. THE END

Advertisement

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

EVERYBODY'S SAYING IT! "STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE MUSIC!" I heard the famous conductor Leonard Bernstein shout it at a symphony rehearsal. You may have heard José Iturbi say it in "That Midnight Kiss" . . . and, of course, if you're like me, you just don't miss bouncy and bright BERT PARKS saying it Sundays, 8 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station . . . "STOP THE MUSIC" for fabulous prizes! Bert, for my money, is a honey of an emcee, and I kind of like the way charmin' KAY ARMEN, DICK BROWN and HARRY SALTER'S ORCHESTRA provide the tunes. This super-scintillating show is jointly sponsored by Smith Brothers Cough Drops, Old Gold Cigarettes and Speidel Watch Bands.

WHAT'S - DOING - MAID'S - NIGHT-OUT-DEPT.: At our house we whip up a quick fried chicken-and-fritters supper and then settle down to a treat instead of a treatment in radio listening. Ever since I can remember, I've been mad-about-Mack, TED MACK, that is . . . the genial gentleman who's helped so many aspiring performers to successful futures. You all know Robert Merrill, Frank Sinatra, Paul Winchell . . . well, they were once nervous, eager young amateurs, too . . . awaiting their big "break" through the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR. Every Thursday night, 9 P.M. (EST) over your local ABC station, Ted tees off with talent that spells future fame for those with gold-dust in their dreams. You and I might be "in" on the discovery of a new personality . . . and that's what makes listening to TED MACK and the ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR one of the big treats that can't be beat in radio. (You probably don't have to be told that the happy sponsor is Old Gold Cigarettes!)

ANOTHER THURSDAY-AT-HOME-TREAT comes earlier in the evening when DAVID HARDING, Pepsi-Cola's COUNTER-SPY calls at 7:30 P.M. (EST) on your local ABC station. I was told the other day that COUNTER-SPY has often been cited for outstanding public service and I can understand why DAVID HARDING, COUNTER-SPY, deserves the honor. He proves the old adage "Crime doesn't pay." COUNTER-SPY's a chiller-diller . . . and you can enjoy it not only on Thursdays, but also Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EST) for a twin bill of tingling drama. It hits the spot!

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Joan Lansing



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(Division of Norton Company)

elizabeth the queen

(*Continued from page 44*) is a satire on the works of Varga and Petty, proving these lads somewhat backward in suggesting voluptuous improvements that might be made in the feminine form. She is as superbly curved as any exaggeration in oil and canvas that ever graced a Gay Nineties saloon.

Elizabeth Taylor has been likened many times to the fabulous screen vamps of an earlier era. Actually, she is not like them at all. She is an entirely new creation, fitted to this time in form and personality, and will doubtless in the next 10 or 15 years establish a standard that will be a model for future sirens.

And yet, though she is playing "adult" roles, and every man with a dream left in his soul considers her an adult when he reflects on her attributes, she still in many ways behaves like a kid.

Studio employees are quite used to seeing Elizabeth dash madly down a lot street in a foot-race with her dog, to see her chewing bubble gum, or stalking grumpily to her dressing room mouthing little-girl curses at her teacher for keeping her in after school. Her schedule, both in front of the cameras and in publicity functions, must not be too rigid because of the unpredictability of her teacher. While a five-minute conversation with Liz demonstrates that she is no dope and a fair scholar, she is apparently something of a fractious pupil in the classroom.

A photographer was dispatched to Hollywood one time at great expense by a national magazine to take some color portraits of Liz. His time was short, so he had planned to fly out with his equipment, spend a couple of hours making the pictures, and fly back the same night.

He arrived, set up a temporary studio and stood waiting beside his camera. The door to the studio opened and Liz, after introductions, sat down to pose. At that moment the teacher arrived. She ordered Elizabeth right back to the school house —then apologized to the photographer.

"Elizabeth didn't finish her water painting," she explained, "and she can't have her picture taken until she does."

A studio schoolmarm is the final authority in juvenile affairs in Hollywood, so the cameraman was forced to stay over another day.

oh, school! . . .

The threats of GI's as to how they'd get even with second lieutenants as soon as the war was over would be weak, pale things beside the promises of what Elizabeth will do to "certain people" as soon as she gets out of school. She doesn't hate education—in fact, she plans extensive study for a number of years yet —but she does hate the regimentation of a scholastic schedule.

She finds it confusing, to say the least, to have to leave the arms of Robert Taylor (no relative) and a mad love scene in *Conspirator* to sit behind a school desk and work out a problem in plane geometry. It must give a kid the feeling that plane geometry is a thing of slight, if not idiotic, value in the scheme of things. . . .

Getting into the movies in the first place was not the problem for Elizabeth Taylor that it is for other children.

An MGM producer, Sam Marx, was looking for a little girl for a low-budget program picture. He was having a bit of trouble, however, because there were half-a-dozen other executives with the right of approval or rejection of his choice. He met Francis Taylor, an art dealer, at a party and agreed, more out of politeness than anything else, to see his 11-year-old daughter, Elizabeth, on the following day.

Francis, Sara and Elizabeth Taylor walked into the producer's office and took chairs. Marx took one look at the little girl with the odd coloring, then, disdaining the use of the inter-office communications system, dashed out of the room and down the hallway to round up his associates. They filed into Marx' office and all took a look at Elizabeth. Nobody asked her to speak, to stand up for a better look, to demonstrate some evidence of talent; they just looked at one another and nodded. That is how Elizabeth got into the movies. There was no question about her belonging. Everyone knew she did as soon as they saw her.

Francis and Sara Taylor, Elizabeth's parents, are both simple people. He is an art dealer, a quiet, handsome man concerned primarily with his business. Sara is a very normal, matronly woman who has devoted her life to raising a proper daughter, and seeing that she had every advantage. They are typical of the middle-class parents in any American town or city. Actually, Sara Taylor may have had some plan to enter her daughter in theatricals from the beginning, but it was probably vague and a secondary ambition. She, herself, had been on the stage briefly as a young woman.

mother and pal . . .

Contrary to belief and appearances, Sara Taylor is not a stage mother. It is true that she is with Elizabeth almost constantly, but it is at the studio's insistence. The wise moguls at the head of the industry don't want any juvenile beauties running around loose on their lots. Anything can happen and has in the past. Mrs. Taylor takes her job of buffer and watchdog in her stride. She makes no effort, beyond the usual maternal prerogatives, to thwart Elizabeth in any way. She is a friend and adviser, and is overruled as often as any other mother.

A number of factors have entered into the evolution of Elizabeth Taylor from a child to a woman. Biology, of course, has been first and foremost. Second, going into business and selling her talents for display in movie theaters has been a fine spur to her blossoming womanhood. And finally, there is the tide of public opinion, which has taken a look at Liz, whistled, and called a spade a spade.

All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't hold her back now. The little girl who wrote a book about animals and wore braids is gone, and a lusty gal with a double whammy in her eye has taken her place.

The efforts of her family to continue her adolescence to the end of her teens, the protection against wolfish males given her by the studio, and the frantic machinations of studio press agents to link her romantically with silk-whiskered striplings, all will come to naught. Mother Nature, the thoughtful trickster, has taken over—and Liz is ripe.

She will be 18 by the time you read this. It is a milestone she has been awaiting with anxiety just short of hysteria. On that day she may, if she wishes, date Tommy Manville or Butch Jenkins, for she will be legally emancipated. She may thumb her nose at school mistresses, parents and censors of a little girl's activities. Or, she may become wistful about her girlhood and try to hang on a little longer.

The opinion of most observers goes along with a paragraph in a national magazine some time ago which, commenting on the coming of age of Elizabeth, quoted a studio executive who was asked what he thought would happen.

The executive shook his head and said, *"OH, BROTHER!"* THE END

shirley temple's divorce

(*Continued from page 22*) to the bench.

As he did, the courtroom was summoned to attention. Everyone rose—Shirley; Mary Alice; George Stahlman and Grant Cooper, Shirley's two crackerjack lawyers; Clore Warne, who was representing John Agar; the press and photographic corps—everyone.

Court in session, Judge Herndon looked down at his calendar and then announced with great dignity: "Agar versus Agar."

George Stahlman spoke quickly. "Ready, your Honor."

He turned to Shirley and bowed slightly. "Will you please take the stand."

Shirley Temple, playing a role in real life more dramatic than any she had ever played on-screen, rose and approached the court attendant. He extended the Bible. She lay one gloved hand on it and raised the other. She swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help her God.

Thus commenced the beginning of the end—the end of the most publicized marriage the screen colony and the moviegoers of America have ever known.

other side of the story . . .

What Shirley had to tell of her married life—her thoughts of suicide, her anguish, her heartache, her humiliation—you will find in its entirety on the following pages. What you will not find, however, is Jack Agar's side of the story. Jack refuses to tell it.

When I contacted him in Buffalo after Shirley had told her all, he said, "I still don't want to talk about it. There are always two sides to every story. All I can say is that I think the testimony she gave reflects our real differences incorrectly. There's a lot I might have said and there's a lot I can say now. But what's the point? Nothing would be accomplished by airing recriminations in public. Ever since our separation, I had my mind made up to say nothing about the case, and that's the course I'm going to follow despite the possibly wrongful implications which might result from what Shirley said. Naturally, I'm greatly concerned with the welfare of our little daughter. I only hope that what has happened will result in the best for everyone concerned."

Many persons have asked, if Jack Agar's marital conduct was unhusbandly, what caused it? Why did he drink? Why did he go out? Why did he leave Shirley behind on occasions? They implied that there must have been a reason.

In the January issue of MODERN SCREEN, I believe the reason was given. Shirley and Jack were mismated from the very beginning of their marriage. They tried to make a go of it and they hoped against hope, but they were two young, attractive, charming people with different backgrounds, different tastes, different ideals, different objectives. Their marriage was based on a wartime infatuation and not on a mature, solid, reasoning love.

What happens under those sad circumstances appears in the following testimony of AGAR versus AGAR:

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

DEPARTMENT NO. 51 HON. ROY L. HERNDON, JUDGE

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AGAR,
Plaintiff,

VS.

JOHN GEORGE AGAR,
Defendant.

No. D 388383



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Vicki: *I've been dying to tell you what I discovered about that you-know-every-month business. You just use Tampax and it makes all the difference in the world!*

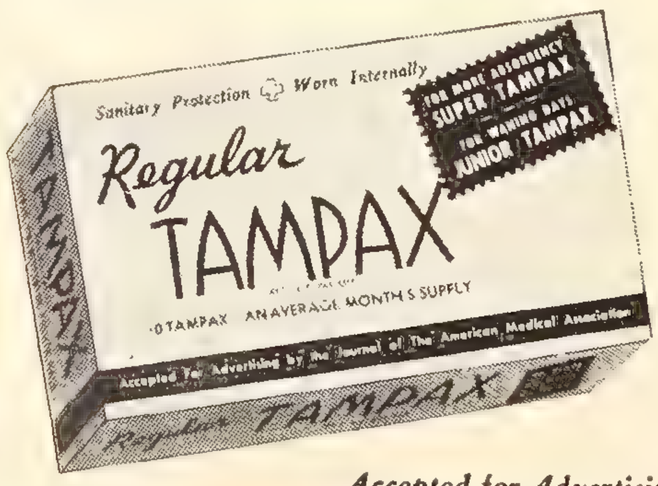
Meg: Why Vicki, I've heard that too. The fact is I'm getting fed up with the old belt-pin-pad routine.

Vicki: *They say Tampax just won't let you be self-conscious at such times. You actually forget all about it.*

Meg: The way I look at it—if millions already use Tampax, why should we hang back?

Vicki: *Right you are, so here I go for a month's supply to put in my purse.*

Invented by a doctor for *internal absorption*, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor. No chafing. Invisible and *unfelt* when in place. Quick to change. Easy disposal. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

REPORTER'S TRANSCRIPT

APPEARANCES:
For the Plaintiff: GEORGE STAHLMAN, Esq.
and
GRANT B. COOPER, Esq.

For the Defendant: CLORE WARNE, Esq.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1949
9:15 O'CLOCK A. M.

THE COURT: Agar versus Agar.
MR. STAHLMAN: Ready, your Honor.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE AGAR,
plaintiff herein, called as a witness in her own behalf, being first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

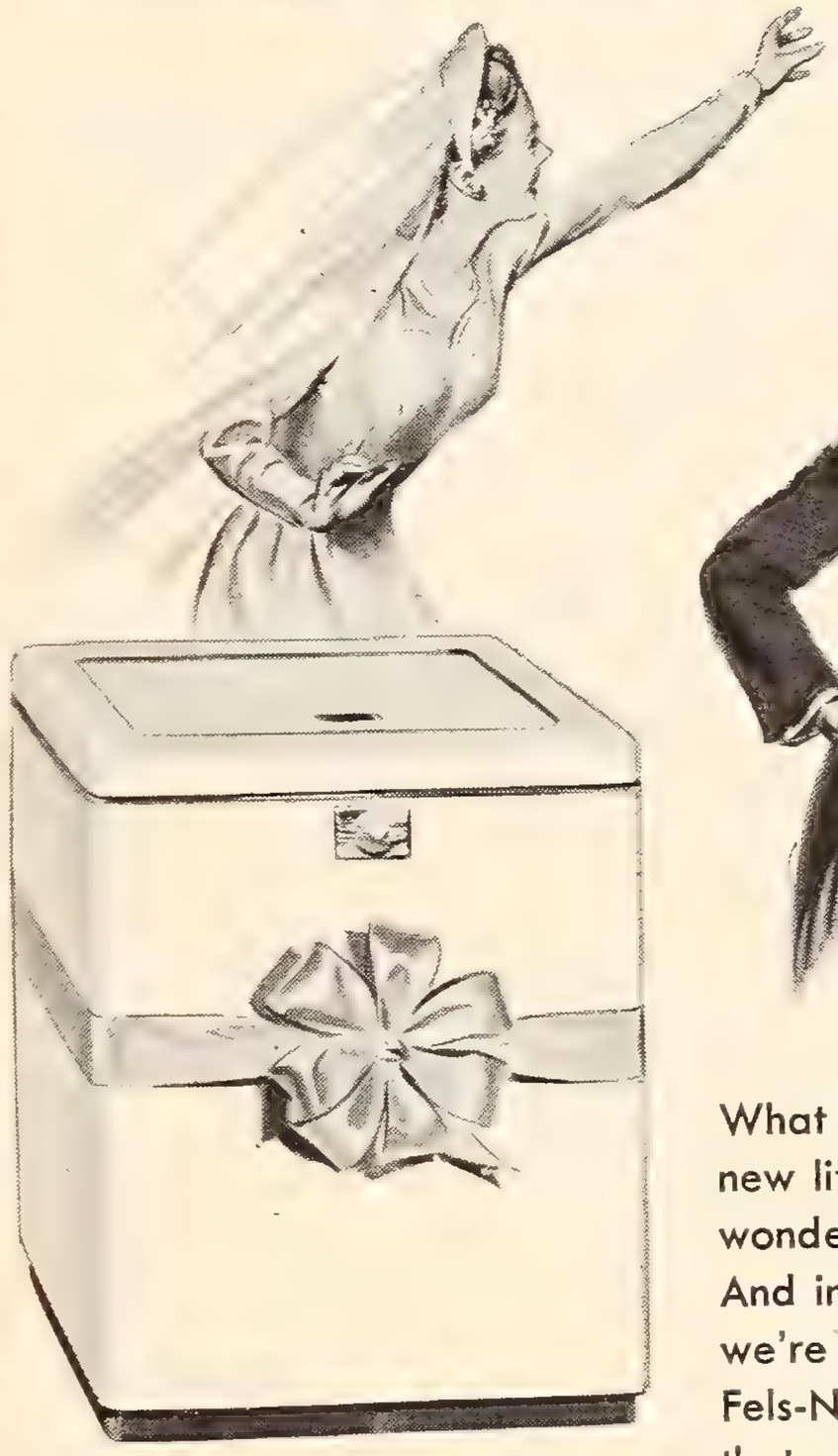
THE CLERK: State your name, please.
THE WITNESS: Shirley Temple Agar.

DIRECT EXAMINATION
BY MR. STAHLMAN:
Q: Your name is Shirley Temple Agar?
A: Yes.
Q: You are the plaintiff in this action?
A: Yes.
Q: John George Agar, the defendant, is your husband?
A: Yes.
Q: What was the date on which you were married?
A: September 19, 1945.
Q: And you separated on or about October 12, 1949?
A: That is correct.
Q: Now, there is one child the issue of this marriage, is that correct?
A: Yes.
Q: What is the name of the child?
A: Linda Susan Agar.
Q: How old is Linda Susan Agar?
A: She will be two on January 30.
Q: Now, there has been a property settlement agreement by which there is a declaration of no community property? That is correct?
A: Yes.
Q: Now, you have lived in the State of California, of course, more than one year, and in the County of Los Angeles more than three months prior to the filing of this action?
A: Yes.
Q: In fact you have lived here all your life?
A: Since 1928.
Q: Now, how long after the marriage was it when any occasion occured which brought about any unpleasantness or difficulties between yourself and your husband, Mr. Agar?
A: About five months after we were married.
Q: What occurred generally about that time?
A: Well, he began not coming home at night for dinner; and he would usually come home — it started about eight o'clock he would get home, and after a couple of weeks it became 10:30, and after that a little bit later. It was any time
Q: By any time, you mean in the early hours of the morning?
A: Two or three in the morning.
Q: On these occasions would you know where he was?
A: No.
Q: During this period of time did you prepare dinner in the evening and wait for him?
A: Yes, I was cooking dinner myself.
Q: Would he phone or inform you as to where he was on these occasions?
A: No.
Q: That was the general course of conduct during that period of time?
A: That is correct.
Q: On the occasions when he would come home, were there explanations made as to where he was?
A: Never.
Q: And the times he would come home, what would be his condition of sobriety?
A: Very often he would be quite intoxicated.
Q: Now then, when was the baby born?
A: The baby was born on January 30.
Q: And from the time, starting about five months after your marriage up until the time of the birth of the child, did this course of conduct continue?
A: Well, when I was about two months pregnant that was the very first time that he came home at four a.m. with lipstick all over his face.
Q: He had lipstick on his face, and this was about four o'clock in the morning?
A: He was very intoxicated.
Q: All right, now, as this course of conduct proceeded, did it become more aggravated, the hours later and the neglect greater?
A: Well, it was never much later than four in the morning, but I recall one time when I was about five months pregnant, he came home and brought a girl into the bedroom.
Q: Will you describe to the Court the situation, what occurred there, and about the time of the day?
A: Well, it was around 1:30 in the morning.
Q: Were you in bed at that time?
A: I was in bed.
Q: You had retired for the night?
A: Yes, he supposedly was going out with a group of fellows, you know, to play cards or something.
Q: That is what he told you, did he?
A: Yes; and he came home at around 1:30 with several people, but he brought the girl into the bedroom and said, "Come on, let's go to a party. Let's all go."
Q: What response did you make to that?
A: Well, I had been in bed since about 10 o'clock, and I didn't feel very much like getting up, and after all the baby had just begun kicking shortly before that.
Q: You did not get up then?
A: No, I stayed home.
Q: Did he remain home there or did he go out?
A: No, he left.
Q: About what time was that that he left?
A: Around a quarter to two.
Q: Do you know what time he returned home?
A: I imagine it was around four. I gave up staying awake after awhile.
Q: Now, as this course of conduct proceeded and these conditions were present, did you do anything to try to eliminate them, to obviate them?
A: Yes, I went to — prior to the baby, shortly after we were married, I went to Dr. Davidson at Santa Monica, and he was very worried about my condition. I was very nervous.
Q: Who was Dr. Davidson?
A: He is a surgeon that has since passed away.
Q: But he was your doctor at the time?
A: He was my doctor at the time.
Q: You went to him because of a nervous condition?
A: I couldn't sleep and I was very nervous.
Q: And was any of this nervous condition occasioned by the conduct of your husband?
A: Yes, it was.
Q: So you went to the doctor, is that correct?
A: Yes.
Q: Do you know whether the doctor talked to your husband about his conduct?
A: Well, one time he talked to both of us and tried to get what was wrong, you know, tried to figure out what was wrong.
Q: Did you hear your husband make any statement as to attempting to do better?
A: With other people he always stated he hadn't done anything wrong, he didn't know what they were talking about.
Q: Now then, let's take the time up until the baby was born. During your period of pregnancy, did this condition continue?
A: Yes. One particular night—I had a new doctor, of course, Dr. Bradbury.
Q: Dr. Davidson, you said, passed away?
A: That is right. So one night during dinner Jack came home drunk again and was very belligerent through dinner and called me a few names. After dinner I jumped in my car and was going to drive over a cliff, or something. Instead I went over to my doctor's house, and he was so worried about me he followed me home.
Q: Did this doctor also talk to your husband about his conduct and his treatment of you?
A: Not until after the baby was born. That was about two weeks after the baby was born.
Q: Now, during the time of pregnancy, did he continue to stay out at night, and would that be frequently?
A: I tried to go with him as much as possible. I tried to go to movies and things but you know, you are sort of embarrassed the way you look.
Q: And this matter of lipstick, did that occur more than one occasion?
A: After the baby was born it happened several times.
Q: This conduct continued, you say, after the baby was born?
A: Yes. Two weeks after the baby was born, Dr. Bradbury phoned both my husband and myself and said that I could go out for the first time, go out to dinner.
Q: What happened that first night you were going to go out after the baby was born? Is that the occasion when you got the new dress?
A: Yes, I got a new dress. Jack said he would be home at seven o'clock and we would go out.
Q: Did you dress?
A: I was ready.
Q: What time did he show up?
A: He got home about two o'clock.
Q: He got home at two o'clock in the morning?
A: Yes.
Q: He had not informed you or phoned you to let you know where he was?
A: No.
Q: Did you go out then that evening at all?
A: No, I didn't go out.
Q: Now, have you had friends in for dinner on occasions?
A: Yes, many times.
Q: And dinner parties, or some particular time when friends were present?
A: Well, many times we had friends in to dinner.
Q: Did he on occasions not show up, not come home when your dinner was ready and your friends were there?
A: Yes. You see he belonged to a golf club and said that is where he spent all of his time; and when I would call there, I would usually be bounced all around the club.
Q: In other words, you couldn't get him on the phone?
A: I could never get him.
Q: You called for the purpose of asking him

to come home because guests were there?
A: That was after a half hour or hour they would be there. Naturally I would like him home.
Q: Sometimes he would not come home at all on those occasions?
A: He always showed up eventually. When there were people around his attitude was entirely different.
Q: Is there some specific instance in which there were humiliating circumstances in public?
A: Well, one night he left me with four other people at a restaurant in Hollywood.
Q: What occurred during that event?
A: He finished his dinner, and he stood up and said to one of the men present, whispered to the man that he had to go see his girl.
Q: And he left the table then, did he?
A: Yes, and he said, "Please don't let my wife go home. Take her to a movie or something so she won't be going right home."
Q: How long was he gone on that occasion?
A: He wrecked his car, and he came in around six in the morning.
Q: Did he leave you there at this place?
A: Yes, he left me with these people, standing on the curb.
Q: Now, there was an incident occurred at the Chanteclair?
A: Yes.
Q: Will you tell the Court what occurred by briefly telling the incident that occurred?
A: That was a dinner party. There were about 15 people, I should say. We knew about three of them, and Jack began drinking doubles, and he started talking to one of the girls present that was unmarried. He danced with me half a dance and said, "Oh, you are too short. I don't like dancing with you." He took me back to the table and danced with the girl all evening, and kissed her on the dance floor; and I sat at the table and smiled at people who were looking over wondering why I didn't get up and leave.
Q: You were there with friends of yours?
A: Yes, and when he returned to the table there was a place vacant next to me. He said, "I don't want to sit with her." So he sat next to the girl that he had met before, and I passed his dinner to him.
Q: He was some place removed from you, was he?
A: Yes, he was about eight seats away. Then after dinner, why, we left. He was too drunk to drive the car, so I drove with Mrs. Franklin and he drove in another car with the girl that he had met inside, and a man.
Q: Where did you go from there?
A: They drove to our house. Mrs. Franklin and I arrived there first and when they came we went down to the play room. And he turned on the Victrola in the dancing room, which is off the play room, and danced with the girl for a couple of hours, and they were kissing in there. It was pretty sickening.
Q: Did this conduct humiliate you in the presence of your friends?
A: Of course it did, and yet you think of the baby all the time, you know.
Q: Now, was there an incident when you had friends at the house, and he left late at night and didn't come back for some time?
A: Yes.
Q: Will you explain briefly to the Court what that incident was.
A: About eight of us were sitting downstairs, and he sat and looked at me for quite awhile, and then he said, "Oh, you can't have any fun with Shirley. She won't get drunk. She won't even take a drink." He says, "I am going out." So he went out for two hours, and when he came back he fell downstairs and knocked a plant over and cut his head, and finally passed out in the driveway. My brother helped me put him to bed.
Q: In other words, your brother came over and helped put him to bed?
A: In front of several people.
Q: Directing your attention to a document here designated Property Settlement Agreement, and directing your attention to the signature of Shirley Temple Agar, that is your signature?
A: Yes, it is.
Q: Do you recognize the signature of John George Agar?
A: Yes.
Q: As that of your husband?
A: Yes.
Q: And you signed this property settlement agreement?
A: Yes.
Q: You have read it and know its contents?
A: Yes.
Q: And is this property settlement agreement satisfactory to yourself?
A: Very satisfactory.
MR. STAHLMAN: May we offer this in evidence, your Honor? This is a typed original, if we may offer this in evidence.
THE COURT: You wish to offer this copy? Is this an executed copy?
MR. COOPER: That is not an executed copy. That is a copy of the original which is executed.
THE COURT: Very well. The property settlement agreement will be received as Plaintiff's Exhibit One.
Q: BY MR. STAHLMAN: Now, there is also a Trust Agreement entered into between you and your husband, is that correct?
A: Yes.

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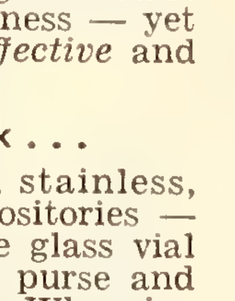
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Q: Creating a trust, and in that trust there was placed the community property of your husband, and he created the trust for the benefit of the child?

A: Yes.

MR. STAHLMAN: Is that sufficient, your Honor?

THE COURT: Put on your corroboration, counsel. You may step down.

MARY ALICE FRANKLIN,

called as a witness on behalf of the plaintiff, being first duly sworn, was examined and testified as follows:

THE CLERK: State your name, please.

THE WITNESS: Mary Alice Franklin.

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. STAHLMAN:

Q: Will you state your name, please, for the record.

A: Mary Alice Franklin.

Q: Now, Mrs. Franklin, keep your voice up just a little, please. Try to talk louder. You are acquainted with the plaintiff in this action, Shirley Temple Agar?

A: Yes, I am.

Q: And you knew her husband, John George Agar?

A: Yes.

Q: How long have you known Shirley?

A: We went to school together.

Q: And continued in a friendly association, a friendship since that time, have you?

A: Yes.

Q: Have you visited with your husband in her home after their marriage?

A: Yes, we did

Q: And they have visited at your home, have they?

A: Yes.

Q: You know, of course, she has lived in the State of California more than one year, and in the County of Los Angeles for more than three months preceding the filing of the action in this case?

A: Yes.

Q: In fact, she lived here all the time that you knew her? Is that correct?

A: That is right.

Q: Have you been in the home on occasions and out in public with Mr. and Mrs. Agar, and observed the conduct of Mr. Agar towards his wife?

A: Yes, I have.

Q: Would you be in the home for dinner on occasion?

A: We would be there, and Jack wouldn't be home, and we would wait dinner for him.

Q: Did that happen on more than one occasion?

A: Yes.

Q: Were you present on this occasion when there was a dinner at the Chanteclair?

A. Yes, I was.

Q: Just tell the Court in your own words what you observed on that occasion?

A: Well, it was a dinner party and Jack became very interested in this other girl, and he danced with her. He didn't dance with his wife except for a half a dance, and we watched him kiss the girl on the dance floor; and then he came back to the table and sat with her and his dinner was passed to him; and everyone at the table was very uneasy, and Shirley was very humiliated. She didn't know a lot of the people there. The woman on the other side of Jack, where he was sitting next to the girl, told Jack to go back to his wife and stop making such a fool of himself and he didn't. After we left the restaurant he wanted to drive home. He was very drunk and Shirley said that he shouldn't. He said if he didn't drive, he wouldn't be in the same car with her. So he went home with the girl and the other man.

Q: Did you go to the Agar home after this occasion?

A: Yes, I did.

Q: Did you see Mr. Agar return?

A: Yes, we did.

Q: Who was with him?

A: This same girl and another man, and we all went down into the play room, and Jack started mixing drinks, and he turned on the Victrola and they danced in the dancing room, and we could see them.

Q: Did you hear any statement made regarding drinking on that occasion?

A: No.

Q: Who was dancing?

A: He was dancing with this girl. Other times we would be over at the house—

Q: Before we leave that occasion, did he kiss that girl there at the home?

A: Yes, he did.

Q: Now, you started to say something about other occasions you had been at the home.

A: On other occasions we have been at the house, and we had been playing cards or something, canasta, downstairs, and Jack started to drink; and I remember one night he said that, "You can't have any fun with Shirley. She never gets drunk. She doesn't even take a drink, and I am going out." And he went out for two hours, and he came back so drunk he could hardly stand up, and he was very belligerent and grabbed Shirley by the arm and said, "Come on upstairs, I have something I want to talk to you about." There was some sort of an argument up there, which we didn't hear, and Jack went out. Shirley was crying. She was very upset. Everybody was upset. She came downstairs again and we tried to help her, and finally she calmed down and then Shirley and I went out in the car to look for Jack, and we couldn't find him. We came back into the driveway and he was passed out in the middle of the driveway. We almost ran over him. We didn't see him.

Q: Lying there?

A: Yes.

Q: And were you there when he was removed from that place?

A: Yes. Shirley's brother took him in the house and then we left. This was around 4:30 in the morning.

Q: By the way, were you present on the fourth wedding anniversary?

A: Yes, I was.

Q: What was that? Tell the Court what occurred?

A: We had a dinner engagement. We went over to Shirley's house around eight o'clock to pick them up, and Jack wasn't there. He wasn't ready. We had to meet this other couple at a restaurant, so we went ahead and Shirley and Jack arrived about 9:30 at the restaurant, and he was very drunk. We sat at the table and he saw this other group over at the bar. He went up to a girl and embraced her and brought her over to the table. And he said—he invited her to dinner, and they were sitting and talking and finally Shirley said, "This is my fourth wedding anniversary," and the girl became very uneasy and left. And then we had our dinner and during our dinner Jack got up a couple of times to see these other people. And afterwards we went dancing, and the orchestra leader dedicated a song to Shirley and her husband on their wedding anniversary. At this point Jack was up at the bar, and Shirley was sitting at the table alone. He even invited a lot of people to our table we didn't know. He started ordering drinks for everybody, and then he left and sat at another table until the place closed at two o'clock. One of the girls at our table went over to the other table and sat and talked. And we were passing the time of day and a few other things until the place closed, and we were ready to go home; but Jack said he was going to celebrate and we had to go. He said he was hungry and wanted to have something to eat. He insisted we go to the King's Restaurant.

Q: You did go to King's?

A: Yes, we did.

Q: Did he eat anything after he got there?

A: No, he didn't. We were there and then he said, "I want to go home." And Shirley—he started to go, and Shirley got up to go with him; and the owner of the restaurant came over to Shirley and said that the chef had heard that it was her wedding anniversary and he was inscribing a cake for her, and would she please not go, and wait until they gave it to her. So she convinced Jack, and they sat down, and the man came out with the cake and all the waiters, and they sang, "Happy Anniversary to You." And he said, "Do you want to cut the cake?" And he served it to Shirley. And Jack said, "No, put it in a box. We will take it home." So they put it in a box and they left.

Q: You were present on other occasions when his conduct was embarrassing?

A: Yes.

Q: To Mrs. Agar?

A: Yes.

Q: And you observed the effect this had upon her?

A: Yes, he was very rude to her. One night I had just had my hair cut and my husband said, "Don't I look pretty tonight." And Jack turned to Shirley and he said, "You are repulsive, you are horrible. Why don't you let your hair grow long?"

Q: You heard him make other remarks, without designating them, but uncomplimentary remarks to her?

A: Yes, he would always take the other side of anything Shirley ever said.

MR. STAHLMAN: Is that sufficient, your Honor?

THE COURT: It is. You may step down.

This Court believes that a due regard for the legitimate public interest in this case not only justifies but requires some comment. This

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I noticed a crowd outside the famous 21 Club in Manhattan. Edging closer I heard a voice say, "Look, that's Jane Russell." The actress overheard and laughingly replied, "No, I'm not Jane Russell, not even Gail Russell; I'm just Rosalind Russell."

Frances Boose
New York City

Court cannot fail to take notice of the well-known fact that this plaintiff occupies a special place in the hearts and affections of millions of people, not only in this state but throughout the country.

The American people are characterized by what this Court regards as healthy and laudable traits of idealism and sentimentality. Unquestionably the news of the apparent failure of this marriage, which is sought to be dissolved by this proceeding, has caused widespread disappointment and even distress. Therefore, this appears to be a peculiarly fitting and appropriate occasion upon which to reassert and redeclare the vital public concern with the problem of divorce, and the urgent need for giving serious study and attention to the environmental and sociological factors which contribute to it.

We all know that the integrity of the family lies at the very foundation of the welfare, tranquility and the good order of our society. Accordingly, this Court is faithful to the declared and established policy of this state, that no divorce shall be granted except upon grounds which our law recognizes as sufficient. Fairness to this plaintiff, however, requires this Court to declare that the evidence which has been offered here, the plaintiff's demeanor, and the very evident sincerity with which she testified, have convinced this Court not only that the grounds upon which relief is sought here are serious and substantial, but also that the plaintiff has made every reasonable effort to save her marriage and to avoid the necessity of this proceeding. That being so, she is entitled to precisely the same consideration, to precisely the same relief which is accorded upon like terms to every citizen, whether he be the most obscure or the most prominent.

It is, therefore, the judgment of the Court that an interlocutory judgment of divorce is granted to the plaintiff. The Property Settlement Agreement executed by the parties and received in evidence as Plaintiff's Exhibit One is approved, and by reference incorporated in and made a part of the judgment. The parties respectively are ordered to perform the executory provisions of said agreement.

Plaintiff is awarded the care, custody and control of the minor child of the parties, to wit, Linda Susan Agar, subject to the further order of this Court, and subject to rights of reasonable visitation with the defendant; such right of reasonable visitation shall include the right of defendant to have the temporary physical custody of the said minor child for reasonable periods of time upon such terms and conditions as the parties may agree, provided however that should the parties be unable to agree, then either party shall be free to make application to this Court for the proper determination of any such matter upon which agreement cannot be reached. It is further ordered that neither plaintiff nor defendant may permanently remove the minor child from the State of California without the consent of the other first had and obtained, or if such consent cannot be obtained, without an order of this Court first had and obtained.

It is further ordered that the defendant shall pay to the plaintiff for the support and maintenance of said minor child the sum of $100 per month, commencing on January 1, 1950, and continuing thereafter on the first day of each month until said minor child shall have married or shall have attained the age of majority, whichever event shall first occur, and subject at all times to the further order of this Court.

It is finally ordered that plaintiff's former name, to wit, Shirley Temple, shall be restored to her, effective upon the entry of the final judgment of divorce.

MR. WARNE: If the Court please, my name is Clore Warne. In view of the fact, and I speak as a friend of the Court and not representing a party litigant at this time, although I together with my firm have represented Mr. Agar, the Court has seen fit to make special mention in connection with this case. And in as much as the testimony given by the plaintiff in this case will undoubtedly be given wide publicity, I want to say on behalf of Mr. John Agar, the defendant in this case, when differences arose between these parties, and they did arise, that he acted at all times, as counsel for the plaintiff will undoubtedly agree, when differences did arise which necessitated separation of the parties and this action here, he at all times has acted as a gentleman. He has not sought to air the differences of the parties in any litigation or any contests either in the press or in court; and in as much as public mention has been made by the Court in this instance in a way not usual, I feel that it is in order for me to say in behalf of Mr. Agar that he was concerned and is concerned with the welfare of his child, and that he is concerned from here on out with the welfare of both parties in whatever area their respective lives shall take them.

THE COURT: Well, Mr. Warne, of course the Court views your remarks as not inappropriate, but you, as an attorney, of course recognize that this Court can act only upon the evidence which is presented here, and the remarks of the Court, of course, were based upon and addressed to the evidence which has been presented before this Court.

MR. WARNE: That is correct, but I felt it in order, in view of the special circumstances, to make the statement that I have made.

THE COURT: Very well

THE END

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three's no crowd

(*Continued from page 43*) But, with one day off a week (Pat sells Ford cars like crazy, working in his father's big Ford agency), somehow the small pile of red bricks just sat there, looking smaller and more accusing each day. Finally Mona—tired of hearing Pat mutter every time he passed the bricks, "Gotta finish that walk Sunday!"—said to him one of those quiet Sabbaths when they sat before the fire reading the comics, "Let's buy the rest of the bricks we need, then we'll decide whether you do it or we have it done."

"*I'll* do it, don't worry about that!" said Pat, gazing into the bright fire. Mona bent her pretty head again to her paper.

A week passed and it was Sunday again. Mona wondered a little why Pat's expression was just a mite sheepish as he went out to get some wood for the fire. He was back in two minutes, carefully carrying in his arms not a log, but a neatly wrapped, plump package. He set it down and cocked an eyebrow at Mona.

"That hundred bucks—" he began, but Mona was already tearing off the wrapping paper. She gave one look, gasped, and turned to Pat.

"A radio! Pat Nerney, have you lost your mind?" she cried. "What about our brick walk?"

Pat stepped back a few feet. "Now sugar, look again," he said placatingly. "It's not a radio—it's a table television set. I got to thinking, we don't go out much since we have the house, and we used to go to all the good games, baseball *and* football. Now, we can stay home and still see the games—for a fraction of what we used to spend on tickets!"

a box with a view . . .

Mona eyed the tiny, three-inch screen dubiously.

"But Pat," she said, "that—that—*squint-box*. What can we see, anyway?"

"A bird's-eye view," said Pat, in the tones of a man who's just won a hard round.

"A humming-bird's view, you mean," laughed Mona. "But it's sweet, and it *will* be nice to see the games again—a little of them, anyway."

So they've been seeing the games again—from the vantage point of their pine-paneled sunken living-room.

Before the fireplace is a solid, two-storied round table, with five little stools to match. On these Mona and Pat often perch for a game of gin rummy or canasta. They eat here most nights, too, rather than in the pleasant breakfast room. A real dining room is planned, and will be part of the future extension. Meantime, what could be cozier than a nice little supper by the fire?

Over in the corner is a beautiful old desk which Mona's father, who is a wood expert, found for them in a second-hand shop and did over for a birthday present for his daughter. By it stands the ancient toy steam-engine which has been in Pat's family for years and years.

There'll be a decorator someday, when the funds are flowing more freely. Mona admits that she and Pat have worked out the present arrangement more by accident than design. But, for now, it's all they want.

"After that two-room apartment, with its one small closet, you can't imagine what undreamed-of luxury this is," says Mona, opening door after door of the shining white closets, with brass knobs, that line the carpeted hall between the bedrooms and the living room.

Another sad deficiency in the apartment

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was the stall-sized bathroom. When Pat would be shaving, Mona would want to do her hair or wash the baby, and when Papa breezed in for his morning shower, there would be Mona, who'd beat him to it. So the Nerneys insisted that plans for the house include a roomy bathroom with *two* large wash-basins—one apiece—and plenty of mirrors.

Their bedroom is done in soft gray with touches of dimmed yellow, with two strong touches of color supplied by a pair of American Beauty Victorian chairs opposite the bed. Over the chairs hangs a painting of Mona Jr. done by Mona Sr. It's good, too.

Not to be outdone, small Mona has a painting in her bedroom, too. On the pink-and-white candy-striped walls is the picture of a duck, painted by Daddy with much lip-chewing and eye-squinting. It's right where little Monie can look up at it from her crib. She loves it—always says goodnight to it.

sentimental heirloom . . .

Near the crib is a three-foot doll's bed with matching spread and canopy—a gift from Mona's folks to the baby. Living in Maryland, they feel far from their daughter and her new career and family, so there is much letter-writing and sometimes telephoning, back and forth. A small black wooden rocker that Mona Freeman grew up in now sits at the living-room fireside—for the little girl. Her grandmother carried it all the way out on the train with her when she came out recently for a visit.

Every day when Mona isn't working, and whenever she can when she is, Mrs. Nerney goes shopping. Not to the plush, swank markets that abound short miles away, but to the Thriftymart in Brentwood. Shopping this way is fun—but when it comes to cooking, she frankly admits she hates it.

"I did it for four years in our apartment—and the 'Joy of Cooking' just isn't, for me. Now. we're lucky to have a wonderful girl—Estella—who's a combination maid and cook. Can she bake blueberry pies divinely!"

Pat—who can't cook, except to fry an egg in a pinch—lets no one out of the house until he's shown them his pet cooking helps: the rotary cupboards, which swing pots and pans within hand-reach; and the butcher's chopping-table right smack in the middle of the dream kitchen. The kitchen, with its copper-hooded stove and built-in electric dishwasher, is distinctive in that it too has been pine-paneled, and this, with the cheery, red-figured paper above, helps make it the kind of room you want to spend time in. Here, too, is the little table with two chairs, tucked in the corner, for Baby Mona. And, last but far from least, the heavenly fragrance of those wonderful pies Estella bakes!

Pat likes to clown, and he'll do, without much coaxing, a very funny imitation of the sleek brown gopher who is an unwanted tenant of the wide lawn that surrounds the house. Pat says the gopher is such a ham it'll stand up and do imitations of his doing imitations of it, in between bites of expensive green grass!

Mona and Pat see a great deal of near neighbors Macdonald Carey and his wife; Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, and their youngsters; and the Alan Ladds, who live but one hill away. There'll be plenty of playfellows and schoolmates for little Mona to entertain when they come over to play. Nowadays at the Nerneys', three's no crowd. Space—it's wonderful!

THE END

(Mona Freeman's current movie is Paramount's Dear Wife.)

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bringing up joan

(*Continued from page 33*) It hasn't anything to do with the essential you. You're the same girl for whom the teacher would have given out the home work."

But is she? Let's examine all the facts in the case and see what it's like for me, the mother of a movie star—it says here—to be bringing up a kid in Hollywood.

Just as the close-up on the screen is a hundred times larger than life, Joan's life is bigger, too. She faces many problems known to all teen-agers—she is now 15—only there is an emotional enlargement, a blowing-up of the picture. And some problems other teen-agers have, Joan doesn't—simply because she's in films.

For example, the boyfriend problem. A couple of friends of ours were horrified to learn that we had let Joan begin her career so young. One of them said, "Don't you realize that she won't be able to have a normal emotional life? Don't you know that the mothers of really nice boys won't let their sons go out with a girl in pictures?"

No, I did not realize that nor do I realize it now. Joan goes out with some really nice boys. They have mothers, too.

She must go out with boys in the picture business. They understand the hours, for one thing. They know, when she's working, that she must be at home by 10 to have the required time for sleep. Since the demands of the studio vary like the California weather, there's always a chance that she must break a date at the last minute. And the boys know all about this. They sometimes do the same thing.

drinking is out . . .

The boys she sees—young actors like Jerry Paris and Anthony Curtis, and George Brand, who's with a big Hollywood talent agency and who took her to the Press Photographers Ball—are all working boys. They have to get up early in the morning, too—with clear heads.

As a result, they drink almost not at all. They can't afford to. Joan, herself, has never tasted hard liquor—though she does have an occasional glass of wine when she is very tired or when there is a celebration. So I never worry that Joan is tearing across the countryside in a jalopy with a drunk date.

Before I leave the subject of boyfriends, I'd like to tell you how Joan feels about Farley Granger. Farley was the first boy who ever kissed her—but that was in front of a camera and I think this established their relationship as a working relationship. There is great affection between them. She has fun with Farley—he is one of the gayest, brightest boys in this town. But they are co-workers and they never talk of love except as it relates to acting.

There is a girl friend problem. Joan doesn't have any close friends among the girls in Hollywood her own age. When I speak of Joan's age, incidentally, I don't think of her as being 15. She has lived 15 calendar years, but she is as mature as any 17- or 18-year-old girl I know. I think of her as an adult.

She has very little chance to meet other girls. She doesn't go to a school—she has a private tutor at the studio. Goldwyn's is a small studio, and at the moment, the feminine contract list consists of Joan and eight-year-old Gigi Perreau. So how is Joan to meet girls? Recently she has joined a square-dancing group that gives hospital benefits and performances to raise money for multiple-sclerosis research. I do hope that she will find, among the girls in the group, a few lasting attachments.

But real friendship between actresses is rare. The competition is too keen and

they are all playing for such high stakes. Between girls who are competing for the same thing the ever-present enemy of friendship is jealousy. Of course, all girls everywhere are competitive—but if Joan should get a big part in a big film that her best friend wanted, it would be far more important than, say, winning a high-school debating contest. The ice would be much colder.

We are all screaming individuals in our household. Dale Eunson, her father, is a writer. (He co-authored the play *Guest in the House* and has published hundreds of short stories, novelettes and serials.) I, too, am a fiction writer. My mother lives with us and is quite a character in her own right. We are all busy career people and everyone of us is in there pitching for center stage.

I suppose, measured by ordinary standards, Joan's life has always been unconventional. For example, she calls her father and me by our first names. I, being an only child like Joan, called my parents by their first names.

Before she was born I asked Dale what he wanted the baby to call him. "Considering the fact," he said, "that the baby won't know me very well, I think 'Mr. Eunson' would be correct." I settled for "Dale."

I suppose I should have known that she was destined to be an actress. She was always a great show-off. The worst punishment we could give her was banishment. "Joan," we would say, "go to your room. When you feel that you can behave yourself, come back." She would be back —sunny as August—in two minutes flat. It's no fun sulking alone with no one to observe and admire the mood.

She always was a big ham. It's a wonder the police didn't arrive every time I took a splinter out of her finger. Everything terrible that happened to Joan was a thousand times more terrible than the things that happened to ordinary people like a mother and father.

She fell out of her swing once when she was seven. She came into the house and flung herself on the sofa where she overacted the death scene of *Camille*.

"Oh, stop it," I said. "I cut my teeth on actors. I know the real thing from the performance. You're hamming it up, kid, and I want no more of it."

To my shame, I must admit that when we took her to the doctor the next day



that's hollywood!

Tom Pryor tells it in the N. Y. *Times:* Proof that the people who attend to weighty matters of historical import at the Congressional Library are not stuffy themselves can be had from Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt. Working out the screenplay for *Joan of Arc*, the writers had occasion to ask the Congressional Library research staff for some quick information on the trial of Joan. The return wire advised: "Seating like baseball diamond. Chief Judge at homeplate. Inquisitor and lesser dignitaries at first, second, third. Joan in pitcher's box."

Irving Hoffman
The Hollywood Reporter

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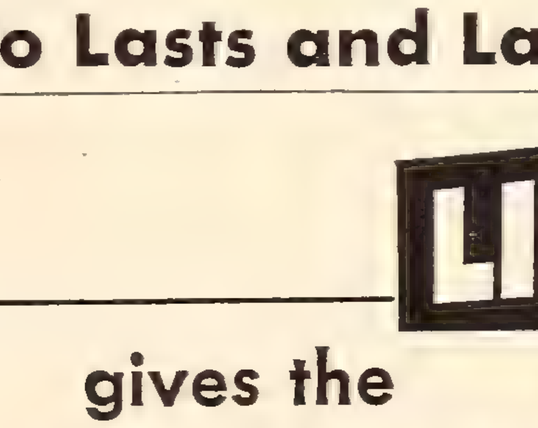
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he found that she had torn a ligament in her arm. I salved my conscience by thinking of the boy who cried "wolf." With him as with Joan, it was never possible to tell the real from the imaginary. And this can be said of every actress I know.

She was eight, I think, when she came home from school and announced that she had tried out for a role in *Hansel and Gretel* and was to be Gretel.

One day she came home from a rehearsal in a rage. "That little boy who acts the part of Hansel!" she said. "Whenever I'm talking in the play or singing a song he is always doing something, walking around the platform or something!"

Although she did not know the theatrical jargon, she was making one of the oldest of actor's complaints—"moving on my line." It is an old scene-stealing device, for the eye will always follow the person in action.

"Want to teach him a lesson?" I asked.

"How?" Joan asked almost too eagerly.

I told her about up-staging—how you carefully take a few steps up so that the actor with whom you're playing the scene must turn to look at you and you then become the focus of attention.

Well, we went to see *Hansel and Gretel* and I want to tell you I have no idea what that little boy looked like. All we ever saw of him was the back of his head.

Standing on the auditorium steps after the performance, Dale said, "That does it. She has to be an actress."

But it was more than the ability to upstage we saw that day. All the other children were charming and looked very sweet and tried very hard. But Joan was giving a performance. Within her limitations she had, for a few moments, become Gretel. It was only a flash of talent, mind you, but it was there—and both Dale and I love talent and cannot bear to see it go to waste.

It happened that was the summer that Dale's *Guest in the House* was playing everywhere in stock. For four weeks Joan played the child in it just to get the hang of the theater. That was, until a year ago, the sum total of her stage and screen experience.

can't keep secrets . . .

I'd be a fool if I said, as I've heard other mothers say, "My daughter tells me everything. I have her complete confidence." This is ridiculous and I would not have it so. No one has any other human being's "complete confidence." Rightly, there is a secret room in every soul and I would never invade the privacy of Joan's room—at least, not without knocking. But I'm happy to say that Joan is an extrovert. I have never known a successful actress—with the exception of Garbo—who was not. Being extroverted, Joan delights in telling her innermost emotions. The extrovert can't keep a secret if it concerns himself.

Joan and I are now more companionable than we have ever been before. One of the rewards of motherhood is that when you lose your child you gain a friend. I feel that Joan is my friend, now. I know that I am hers.

It was not always so. Like every normal girl, Joan was for a time afflicted with a case of mother antagonism. Let psychologists explain the reason for the disease—I'll just tell you the symptoms.

I embarrassed Joan. I was too unconventional. If I said anything with more wit or spirit than "Good morning," I was brought up sharply with, "Oh, Katherine! What will people *think!*" And, of course, I knew but nothing.

She was well into this phase when we arrived in California and she began work on *Roseanna McCoy*. Just as every problem was aggravated by the fact that she was in pictures, so was this one. She was nervous and tense and full of fears because of the enormous undertaking before her.

A mother can shrug off the average daughter's resentment of her advice and let her make a few errors. But Joan was beginning a career and her aspiration was high. A mistake could leave a permanent scar upon the rest of her life. She could not afford to make mistakes.

When problems arose at the studio—and, in those early days, they reared up on their hind legs every hour on the hour—I knew, from my years of experience in the strange town, how they should be handled. But getting Joan to take my advice entailed long and bitter quarrels between us. Joan was in a new world. It was a world I knew. The world is new and old for daughters and mothers whether they are in New Zealand, Cape Horn or Hollywood.

I don't know if mother antagonism simply runs its course like whooping cough (and believe me, it is just as violent and noisy) or whether outside circumstances cause its end. Joan's attack was, I think, of shorter duration than most. Joan's medicine was her own intelligence. Say what you will about Joan, she is intelligent. She is stubborn and it is difficult for her to admit she is wrong. But she knows right from wrong whether she'll admit it or not—and mother antagonism ended one day when she did take my advice.

Being a girl of enormous vitality she was not content, when she first started to work at the studio, to try to turn only her small cog in the vast machine. She had to run the works.

"You know what happened today?" she would ask me. "I was supposed to get my hair done at two for publicity stills. But the publicity department hadn't put through the call to the hairdresser and I had to check and double check on everybody. I have to check on them all the time."

Or—"Well, Farley Granger was late for rehearsal. I think that's terrible and I gave Farley a pretty straight talk about it, too."

At first this was rather enchanting. The idea of an inexperienced 14-year-old girl undertaking the burdens of an important business enterprise caused amused smiles. But eventually the smiles of kindly amusement changed to frowns of impatience. Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc., had been muddling through pretty well and managing to lay aside a couple of million bucks occasionally before Joan arrived.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It happened on Guam in 1944 at the close of Betty Hutton's personal appearance tour. As she entered the back seat of the jeep that was about to carry her away, a great round of applause went up from the boys. She stood there for a moment and threw kisses from her finger tips to all of them. A young Marine corporal standing nearby remarked, "A lot of good that does." Upon hearing the remark, Miss Hutton beckoned the corporal toward her, smiled and gave him a big kiss. There was another round of applause as her jeep drove away and we all wished we had been as lucky as the corporal.

Alex McKinnin
Bridgeville, Pa.

Not only was her attitude making her tense, she was becoming disliked by the people who had adored her.

I explained this to her. Of course, she put up an argument. Well, it was a tough fight, but Mom won.

As soon as Joan relaxed and did her job as well as she could while letting the others do theirs, she found a difference not only in the attitude of those around her but in the way she herself felt.

She could not at the time admit she was wrong. But I was amused the other day when she was talking about a new girl who plays a part in *Our Very Own.* Joan said, "I wonder if I should tell her what she's doing. She's trying to run the studio and people just don't like that. She's making exactly the same mistake I did."

When you can admit you've been wrong you've come a long way on the road to adulthood.

Now Joan and Dale and I are at the stage where we can discuss problems like three adults. It's not a fight now—it's a discussion. And I must admit that many times Joan is right and makes us see that she is.

On that fateful day when Dale and I had to decide whether or not we would let a girl so young attempt a career in pictures, we talked for hours. If she got the part and the contract—and when we left New York for California, Mr. Goldwyn had seen only a photographic test of her and the acting test was yet to come—it would mean an uprooting of all our lives and dangers we could not predict. Since she was a minor, it was our decision to make. Would we be robbing her of her youth and a normal way of life, allowing her to go? Dale wrote a touching article about our decision which appeared in one of the national magazines. It was called "We Let Our Daughter Go to Hollywood." Many of our friends thought we were right. Others were appalled and disapproving.

More than a year has passed since we took the great chance. The other day we let Joan off in front of the studo. Her script, that she had studied with such fierce concentration the night before, was tucked under her arm. It was the first day of *Edge of Doom.* She was excited at the prospect of working for director Mark Robson. "Oh, I hope I'm good enough—he can teach me so much," she had said. Behind her were two pictures, *Roseanna McCoy,* and *Our Very Own.* She was not satisfied with her own work in either—as what artist ever is? But she was pleased with herself that she was able to accomplish them at all.

She turned to smile and wave at us and I saw not only a very pretty girl but—so much more important—a happy, well adjusted and intelligent girl. "Dale," I said, "have you any regrets about letting our daughter go to Hollywood?"

"Joan has a wonderful life," he said. "It's a rich full life."

And that's just how I feel, too.

THE END

MEET THE AUTHOR

Katherine Albert, mother of Joan Evans and author of "Bringing Up Joan," has been an established top-flight writer for many years. Starting her career in Los Angeles as a feature writer for the Times and the Daily News, she soon was appearing regularly in national magazines. About 10 years ago she began writing fiction and has published hundreds of stories and novelettes. Two years ago she co-authored with her husband, writer Dale Eunson, a play, Loco, *in which Jean Parker starred on Broadway.*

THIS MONTH

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

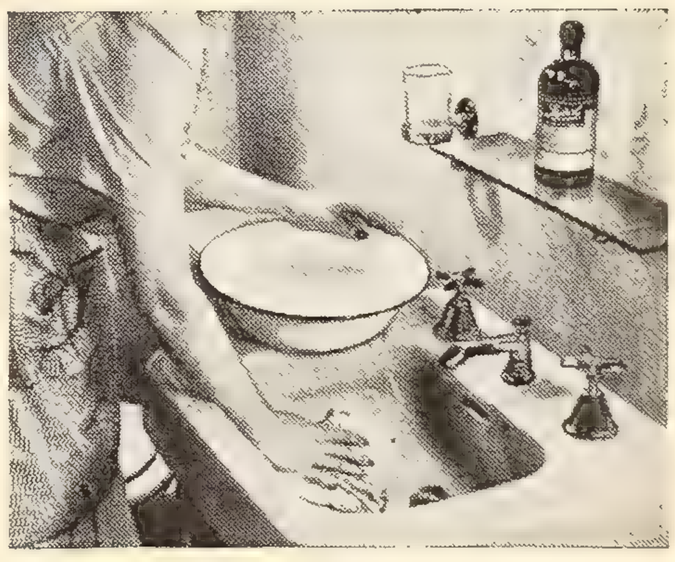
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this love of ours

(*Continued from page 41*) about practically everything in the world, I bought the magazine as directed. Señor Montalban, the dark, Latin lover type, was certainly not my idea of the perfect husband. From the page, he smouldered back at me, with suave, come-with-me-to-the-Casbah sophistication oozing from every pore. This character, I decided, was a wolf if I'd ever seen one.

To climax the whole impression, he was smoking a languid cigarette through a long holder and gazing superciliously from under raised eyebrows and half-closed lids.

"Sally is letting that warm tropical sun soften her head," I told myself. "Perhaps Mother should write Norman and suggest he send her home before she completely loses her sense of balance."

Meantime, my intrepid sister, working overtime as Cupid's Mexican ambassadress, was bombarding Ricardo with an intensive "you-ought-to-meet-my-sister" barrage. Finally, he took an old, battered picture out of his pocket and showed it to Sally.

"Does your sister look like this?" he asked her. "If she doesn't, I cannot marry her. This is the one I've decided on—a long time ago."

Sally stared at the picture in disbelief. It was a photograph of me!

nice to look at . . .

It had appeared in a magazine several years before, when the four Young sisters—Loretta, Sally (whose screen name was Sally Blaine), Pollyanna and I—had been cast as the sisters in the movie, *Alexander Graham Bell.*

"It—it's Georgie!" she gasped. "Where did you get it?"

Now it was Ricardo's turn to be flabbergasted. Here he'd been carrying that picture around just because he "liked to look at it." And it turned out to be the kid sister that Sally had been trying to palm off on him all this time!

Ricardo always hesitates to tell that story because it was the kind of wild coincidence that even the most hardened Hollywood press agent would hesitate to broadcast.

It was shortly after this that Ricardo came to Hollywood and we met for the first time. To my relief, he was the exact opposite of the glamor-boy in that first, misleading picture. He was gay and friendly, with a magnificent sense of humor—and just about as wolfish as Gary Cooper. He completely captivated the whole family, despite the fact that we'd all made up our minds that he couldn't possibly be as charming as Sally and Norman insisted he was.

We were married two weeks, almost to the day, after we met. Fortunately, our union couldn't have turned out any happier if we'd been childhood sweethearts. But we wouldn't advise this lightning speed for other young couples. In two weeks, a girl can find out if a prospective mate rhumbas beautifully, if he prefers his steaks rare or well-done, or if his sense of humor runs on the line of hers. A man can determine if the gorgeous creature he's pursuing knows the score—of football, gin rummy or Gershwin. But a real marriage is not built on physical attraction, on the social graces, or on a mutual regard for jazz, modern art or movies.

There must be a stronger bond. Ours, Ricardo's and mine, is our religion.

In these wonderfully happy years, we've certainly had our human share of differences. But if your marriage is of the lifetime variety, as ours is, you just get to work and clear them up. We have a rule

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at our house which prohibits the "silent treatment." Whatever the issue, major or minor, we talk it out, even if it takes all night—as sometimes it does.

Ricardo and I learned, as our parents did before us, that troubles diminish as the tribe increases. Our three arrived closely together, so we just didn't have time to be moody or sensitive or too disturbed about trivia. Laura, who is four, Mark, almost three, and Anita, just seven months old—these are the symbols of our happiness. As Ricardo often says, they are the fulfillment of our love and in them we see each other.

One day, when Anita was tiny, little Laura was "helping" me bathe her. When the baby was back in her bassinette, Laura tucked her in dotingly, piling the coverlet up around her ears and leaving only her little button nose and eyes showing. Stepping back and tilting her head admiringly, she sighed, "Oh, I *wish* Ricardo could see her now"—as she must have heard me murmur a hundred times.

She sounded almost as proud as Ricardo when Mark was born. He'd wanted a boy so badly and the odds seemed all against it. The Young and Montalban clans were running strongly to girls, with no boy babies on either side for quite a stretch. There was a florist stand across the street from the hospital, and I remember the huge bouquet of red roses he dashed out and bought when the nurse told him he had a son. Simply and eloquently the card read, "*Boy,* oh *boy,* oh *boy!*"

beloved daddy . . .

But neither of us plays favorites with the children. Love and discipline, toys and cough syrup, fun and spankings are all dished up in three equal portions.

"I love Daddy," Laura, our young golddigger, sighed happily the other day as we all got cleaned up for his evening homecoming. "He always brings us presents." Yet "Daddy" also is a conscientious disciplinarian, with the firm old-world opinion that parental respect inspires love, not fear. And, despite the little presents he's always bringing home, we are both doggedly determined that there will be no spoiled Montalbans. "It isn't fair to youngsters to pamper them," he reasons, "so that when they go to school, the other kids slap their ears down."

Of course, our trio had early training in getting along with other children. With Loretta's, Sally's, Pollyanna's and my brother's families, there are 13 grandchildren in the Young second generation, all living so close together that gatherings of the clan are frequent and uproarious. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Mother's birthday are the main annual events and we all take turns in having the parties.

Ricardo and my mother get along famously. He delights in flustering her by rushing across the room to greet her, sweeping her off her feet and in mock fervor murmuring soulfully, "Mother!" She invariably blushes furiously, tries to squirm out of his embrace—and loves it.

Last summer, Ricardo's parents came from their home in Mexico for their first Hollywood visit. In spite of the fact that the children and I understood no Spanish and they spoke no English, we all had a grand time together. To add to the excitement and confusion, Laura undertook to teach her grandfather English.

"Say 'apple,'" she would patiently begin the lesson. But when his renditions would vary from her own exacting pronunciation, she would become more annoyed with each frustrating attempt. Then she would inveigle him into playing hide-and-seek. "Hide," she would command sternly. When he wouldn't understand, she'd be thoroughly exasperated—as she is with

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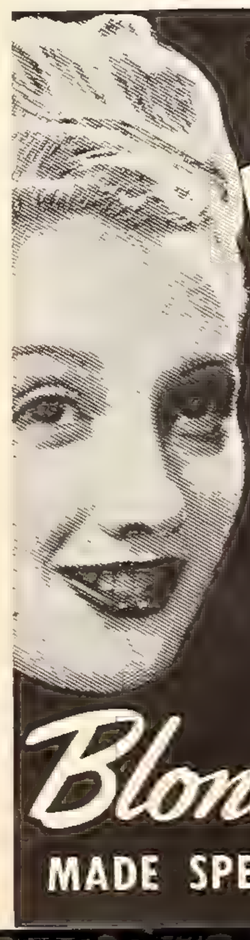
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Mark when he ignores the rules of the game.

On their visit to the studio, the folks saw some rushes of *Border Incident.* They were so proud of Ricardo. Yet the glamor of Hollywood left them serenely unimpressed, because they are very sensible, level-headed persons. Their real pride in their son was the assurance that he has kept the true sense of values that they taught him; that he is a success as a husband and father, not merely as an actor.

And I'm proud of him for that, too. When we were married five years ago, no one wanted his autograph except the landlord on a check in advance for our tiny apartment. If, by Hollywood standards, Ricardo has "arrived," success really hasn't changed him.

"Be honest, Rick—you *do* feel important with all these fans gasping and gurgling over you, don't you?" an old friend from his lean New York days kidded him recently at a big première.

Incurably honest, Ricardo hesitated a moment and then laughed. "Well, I do catch myself being impressed now and then. But I say to myself, 'Look, Ricardo, don't be an ass. They would do the same thing if Lassie walked by.' That usually brings me right back to earth—but fast!"

Around the house, I've come to learn that Ricardo, like most Latin males, is no help at all. In fact, to get my own work done, I must shoo him off to play golf or go to a ball game with his men cronies. He is most unhappy when forced to go shopping and, alas, completely uninspired in selecting gifts. He keeps a written record or he would never remember birthdays and anniversaries. He will invariably buy some small but lovely knick-knack, like a vase or a perfume bottle, and tuck inside a fine, fat check for me to do my own gift buying.

"I am the luckiest man in the world," Ricardo is fond of saying. "I wanted to be an actor; I got a chance to act. When we were married, I wanted to be in Hollywood because it was Georgie's home; right away, out of a clear sky, came a contract with MGM. I wanted that role in *Battleground;* I got it. The luckiest guy in the world—that's me."

But in our hearts, we both know it isn't luck. It's faith in prayer. Ricardo and I believe that a marriage which includes that is the only kind with a bona fide guarantee for living "happily ever after."

THE END

man at large

(*Continued from page 35*) "Well, fine!" said the producer. "But . . . I mean. . . ."

"Oh!" said Kirk, gathering that further explanation was wished. "I was passing by and thought it would be nice to take a bath. The manager let me in. Hope you don't mind. . . . You *don't,* do you?"

"Oh, no," said the producer. "It's perfectly O.K. Make yourself at home. Take a nap if you like."

"Thanks," said Kirk. "That would be swell."

He took the nap, spent the night, and was gone like a dream when the apartment owner woke up the next morning.

That's Kirk Douglas, Gentleman Caller—an appropriate title, by the way, as it is what he plays in the forthcoming *The Glass Menagerie.*

Then there was the way Kirk and Doris Day first met. Doris was a guest at a Hollywood party being given by Warren Cowan, Kirk's publicity man. There were about 20 people sitting around the living room, talking small and sipping drinks. The front door opened and Kirk entered carrying a clean shirt over his arm and holding a razor in his hand. As he walked briskly through the living room, "Hi, everybody!" he said genially—and, without slackening his pace, continued on to the bathroom, entered and shut the door.

Doris turned to her host. "What was that?" she asked.

"Kirk Douglas," said Cowan.

"Does he live here?" asked Doris.

"No," said the host. "He probably just wants to shave and change his shirt. He does that all the time."

"Where *does* he live?" asked Doris. "San Francisco?"

"No," said Cowan, "just a couple of blocks down the street. Would you like to meet him?"

"I'm not so sure," said Doris. "But—it might be an experience."

These yarns may appear to be unrelated incidents of a humorous nature with no particular significance. But they are specific illustrations of the fact that the personal life of Kirk Douglas is confused and disorganized. This is a result of his being Hollywood's number one married bachelor.

"Gypsy" is the best adjective to describe his present casual disregard of time and place. He has the background for a gypsy life, all right. But, until he became a married bachelor, he seemed to have outgrown it. He'd been a wanderer in his youth, but security had been his for a number of years.

Kirk Douglas was born to a substantial family—substantial numerically, that is. Six daughters and one boy. Kirk must have felt a little out of place, because he took off at an early age to rise in the world. College was the way, of course, but it cost money. Kirk had no money, so he enrolled in St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York, rode to the school on a truck and went out to look for a job before he registered for his classes.

At St. Lawrence he was president of the student council, an honor student, and the school light-heavyweight wrestling champ. Then he was graduated as a Bachelor of Arts. But how do you turn a degree into regular paychecks? You talk it over with a man in an upstairs employment office.

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"Well, sir—I was a waiter for awhile."

"Fine, fine. Now, you just take this card down to the restaurant on the corner. They need a waiter."

Kirk Douglas, Bachelor of Hash House—working for a master's degree in blintzes and dirty dishes.

"I guess that's when I decided to become an actor," Kirk Douglas said. "The tips aren't so good in acting, but there seemed to be a better future in it. There had never been any actors in my family, but I knew I could do it. So I enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts."

Kirk grinned. "You know how I paid my tuition? I got another job—as a waiter."

Before the war gobbled him up, he was touted around Broadway as the most talented young newcomer to be seen in years. The Navy tried him out in the Pacific, and then an incident with a bomb on sub-chasing duty put him in the hospital for five months and gave him a medical discharge from the service.

He married Diana Dill, a socialite and actress, in New Orleans, November 2, 1943, and went back to the grind of the agents and the play producers. "Things weren't *too* bad, then," says Kirk. "I played off-

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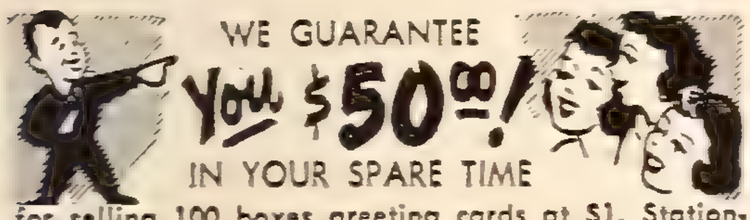
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stage voices, on-stage mutes, singing messenger boys, and a season as the stout-hearted local boy in wrestling matches with a carnival. I learned a lot about acting from the outfit."

Douglas crinkled his eyes and pursed his mouth into that engaging smile, like a small boy with a secret.

"I'd slip into town a couple of days ahead of the carnival," he said, "and chum up with the lads in the pool halls. The show would arrive and some big bruiser, claiming to be a champion of some sort, would offer to donate $500 to some local charity if any town boy could throw him. I'd accept the challenge and the match would become a civic event, with a packed house. We'd always follow a carefully-rehearsed script—I'd fight gamely, but get a thorough trouncing."

The gypsy life of the carnival, and the rather uncertain existence of the unemployed actor in New York, has left its mark on Kirk Douglas, and it may, to a large degree, explain the peculiarities in his conduct at the present time.

In temperament, Kirk Douglas is a Russian, as were his forebears. A Russian, that is, in the sense it was used before it became a political word. He is a wild Russian, with all the explosive characteristics, the sentiment, the whimsy, the rage and the tenderness.

Irresponsibility to an amazing degree is another facet of Kirk Douglas' personality. Fired by a discussion with a producer one time from which came a plan to make a picture in Israel, Douglas thought of nothing else for 48 hours, during which he made practically all the arrangements except the purchase of the boat tickets. Something else needed his interest the next day for a few hours, so Kirk set the Israel film project aside for the moment. That was over a year ago, and he has never gone back to it.

There are other sides to the Douglas personality, too. He is a devoted father to his two sons. As a matter of fact, he is the most imposed-on father in Hollywood, the lads being able to get away with anything short of murder when they are with him. And his regard for the niceties of behavior is notable. After a trip, he spends several days writing thank-you notes to just about everyone who said hello to him, and sending presents for favors done.

Dating in Hollywood is pretty much the same as anywhere else, except that the boy and girl are generally a bit more glamorous and the date is a good deal more expensive. Single, male movie stars thumb through their telephone books just as they do in Kansas City or Oshkosh, and if the book is short of numbers, the actor is short of dates. That is what happened when Kirk Douglas first found himself a married bachelor.

Then the word got around that he was available and the girls began getting in line for introductions. Pretty soon no eve-



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ning was complete for a press photographer unless he had at least one shot of Kirk with his latest girl friend. The talk was that Kirk was trying to go through the entire list of unmarried Hollywood dinner companions. There was a flurry of excitement when Ava Gardner got him for more than a couple of evenings. "Romance!" the town cried.

Then there were Patricia Neal, Doris Day and a host of big and small fry in the female division of the Hollywood sweepstakes. It looked as if Kirk were heading for a record. But one night he met Evelyn Keyes.

Evelyn is a brilliant, witty girl of unusual beauty. Wise to Hollywood sham and the tall tales of earnest young men out for an exciting adventure, Evelyn can chill a hot young blade at 50 paces, or warm an aspiring romantic with buck fever at a hundred, if she thinks he's a nice guy. Douglas fell somewhat into the former category when they met.

It was at the Mocambo. Kirk sat on one side of the room with his gal of the evening, and Evelyn sat ringside across the room with Bob Neal, the Texas oil man. It was all done with glances.

Kirk looked across the room and spotted Evelyn. He didn't look at anything else all evening. Evelyn, soon conscious of his stare, didn't lower her eyes as a haughty little damsel being ogled should, or ask her escort to go over and hang one on the fresh fellow giving her the eye. Instead, she gave him ogle for speculative ogle—and pretty soon they were smiling.

Kirk started telephone-number hunting early the next morning, and when he dialed the number the conversation could have gone something like this:

"Hello, Miss Keyes? This is Kirk Douglas."

"Good morning, Mr. Douglas."

"Well, we haven't met, Miss Keyes, but I got your telephone number from a friend —and I just thought I'd call up and say hello."

"Yes—I know."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said—yes, I know."

"Oh. . . ."

"Look, I'm busy this afternoon, but maybe we could get together for a drink later on this evening."

"Oh, sure—I was just going to suggest it."

"Yes—I know."

"Oh. . . ."

Maybe it wasn't exactly like that, but it must have been close. At any rate, they understood each other thoroughly from the start—and they still do.

In our interview I asked Kirk Douglas if there was anything serious between them.

"She's a wonderful girl," he grinned. "Are you going to marry her?" I asked.

"I *am* married," he pointed out.

In response to my next question, he got to his feet and walked over to the window and gazed a long time at the roof-tops of the fine homes of Beverly Hills.

"Happy?" he said. "Sure, I'm happy—I guess. What's happiness? Is it joy, a thrill, comfort? Is it content? There's one thing I *do* know about it, though. You can't tell if a man is happy by counting his money—or measuring his success."

If you were to ask me the same question—is Kirk Douglas happy?—I'd be a little more direct about it. I'd tell you I didn't know. And I don't think Kirk Douglas knows, either.

When I asked him why he was separated from his wife, he gave me a plain and honest answer. "I know a motion picture star has no private life," he said. "In exchange for the good things that come with success in Hollywood an actor sacrifices his right to privacy. I'm grateful for my success and to the people who made it possible, but in the matter of my family, in which the privacy of three other people is concerned, I reserve the right to protect their dignity by refusing to discuss our intimate relationships. I will not tell you why my wife and I are separated. . . . So let's change the subject."

His eyes blazed a little when he made that speech, and you can bet he'll say nothing further on the subject to anyone until the matter is settled.

Until it is, Kirk Douglas will be roaming the town as a single married man. But when the evenings are over, after he takes his date home, Kirk Douglas drives up into Laurel Canyon where he has a small home, and a rather sad transformation takes places. It is there that he lives with his two sons. And when he turns that key in the lock, he is a father and, technically, a husband again. His wife is not there. She is in New York, working in the theater. But there are two small boys asleep in another room, and when the phone rings late at night, two or three times a week, it is Mother calling to see if everything is all right.

There are three sound dramatic acts in many lives—just as there are in many plays. In Act One, the boy starts out in the world and fights forward every foot of the way. *Boy gets girl.* In the second act, he becomes a big success—and *boy loses girl.* Somewhere in the third act, *boy will get girl again.*

In the life of Kirk Douglas, will her name be Diana, Evelyn—or will she be someone else entirely? THE END

(Kirk Douglas' latest movie is Warners' Young Man With a Horn.)

restless heart

(*Continued from page* 52) everything for granted and the first thing I knew it was all in the papers that we were going to be married—and there I was hardly more than a *child.*" The eyes plead for understanding and the voice vibrates in an angelic treble with this statement.

Well, Elizabeth must be allowed several points for veracity despite her apparent joy with the situation at the time. As for Davis, he knew what he was doing, and will probably go down in history as a fellow who almost hit the matrimonial jackpot with his first nickel.

Elizabeth's second feint at early matrimony involved William Pawley, Jr., the 29-year-old transportation executive in the Miami transit company owned by his millionaire father. Well-educated and already a big wheel in business, Pawley would appear to be too smart to have taken a stab at the big prize until he had checked the area for booby traps, so it must be deduced that he received quite a bit of encouragement from Elizabeth before he delivered that oversized engagement ring. It is interesting, therefore, to note that, now that it is all over, Elizabeth doesn't feel she has wrecked anybody's life in his case.

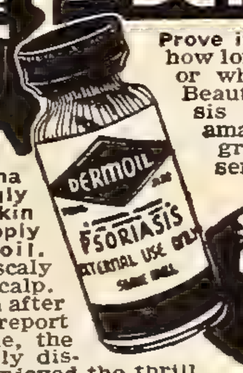
This may be rather disconcerting to Pawley for, although the buses in Miami still run down the streets he tells them to, all he has left from his plunge into the outer whirlpools of wedlock are some wonderful memories and a second-hand diamond the size of a turkey egg.

Both these men, however, are merely the advance guard of a corps of lads who are destined to dash their heads against the walls surrounding Elizabeth Taylor

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in an effort to get to Heaven before they die. Davis' and Pawley's personal sorrow at missing is a relatively minor matter. It is the precedent they are setting that is catastrophic. They are the black rams leading the rest of the flock to destruction.

Elizabeth's much-photographed association with Pawley seemed to be idyllic, but there is evidence that it was shaky from the moment he presented the sparkler.

During Elizabeth's Florida vacation last year, Pawley nearly went out of his mind trying to reconcile himself to sharing her with the public. The announcement that she would leave the screen to set up housekeeping in his mansion was a result. On one occasion, a prominent MGM executive on a holiday in Miami asked her to go to lunch with a group of business men in a nearby town. Because the executive was in a sense her boss, and maybe simply because she wanted to go, Elizabeth agreed. Just as the car was to pull away with Elizabeth and the MGM man, Pawley appeared with the announcement that he had taken the afternoon off and wanted his fiancée to get out of the car and remain his very own for the afternoon.

businesslike remedy . . .

Elizabeth explained that she couldn't, it was sort of a business matter. Pawley begged, then threatened, but to no avail. Liz drove off in the car. It is a matter of legend that all the buses in Miami were late for the rest of the day, and by nightfall the city's transportation facilities were in a hopeless, angry snarl.

Like any good business man, Pawley set out to remedy this situation in a businesslike manner. There were held what might logically be called board meetings, attended by William, Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and the Pawley kin. It was voted and agreed that Elizabeth would announce her intention to marry, her retirement from the movies and her delightful anticipation of about five kids.

This came as quite a shock to MGM, every man in America over 16, and, to be perfectly blunt, to Elizabeth Taylor. Safe in the comfortable elegance of Miami, it probably wasn't hard to make that announcement, but when she got back to Culver City, California, she must have pinched herself to check her reflexes many a night before she went to sleep. She didn't want to quit the movies any more than Mr. Pawley would have wanted to set fire to all of his buses—but the deed had been done. There were only two things to do—act as if love were grand and get out of it neatly and quickly.

Elizabeth did both. At first there were announcements that while Liz and Bill were living a continent apart, she might just go out with other men once in a while—innocently, of course, just for fun.

Then it was announced that Elizabeth wouldn't quit the movies for awhile, maybe a couple of years. Then it was rumored that Mr. Pawley was mad, and had been heard to mutter, "Who the heck is that guy my girl had her picture taken with last night?" Then some forthright columnist suggested that Liz was pretty young to begin a career with pots and pans, even if they were gold. Liz and her family, MGM, and her entire fan following began to nod heads vigorously in agreement. And the first thing you know, Bill Pawley was alone with nothing but his money, his used engagement ring, a heartful of wonderful memories and something in common with Glenn Davis. . . .

In her conversation with your reporter, Elizabeth was quite willing to discuss men, only she called them boys. She stated flatly that she didn't care what they looked like so long as they had a heart of gold. She hinted that she found older men much



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more exciting, but left the impression that by older men she meant someone pushing 29. She expressed her willingness to slave for the right man, wash his clothes, darn his socks, yes, even lay down her life for him—if he would only come along. She hinted darkly, though, that she believed all men pretty insincere and capable of designs on her gullibility. She—rather happily—expressed the opinion that she expected to have a fair number of the rascals crack her heart, for she was too ready to believe anything a man told her.

But with all this confession, there proved to be a bit of clever deceit in her conversation. The subject of current interests came up.

"Why, do you know," she said, seeming just a little bit stunned by the idea herself, "I can hardly get a date! I sit at home night after night because nobody calls me up and asks me to go out!"

Asked about the possibility of things getting better in this department, Liz used an expression of outraged amazement.

"You would think," she cried angrily, "that in a big city like this there would be just lots and *lots* of fellows who could take me out. After all, I'm not a perfect *goon*! But there is just nobody to go out with—and I have to suffer for it."

Lest all America think that Hollywood is shy of manpower, it must be explained that Elizabeth meant *eligible* men. In Hollywood it seems everything governing the life and behavior of a movie star must be approved by several hundred people. Therefore, if a girl of 17 wants to date, and she is valuable enough to bother about at all, there are only certain types of men she dares be seen with.

In the case of Elizabeth Taylor, he must be no older than 24 or 25; not only unmarried, but never married; of sound moral and physical health; rich or famous; handsome and bold; a non-drinker, and aware of the fact than an industry will descend on him en masse and lop off his pretty head if he so much as suggests a kiss or two in a parked car on a hilltop.

Such creatures are, sadly, quite hard to find. This poses a problem, as it is hard to develop a gorgeous, sexy movie star without a few qualified gentlemen around to pit against one another for the Sunday supplements. It is also pretty rough on a young lady who likes to sigh.

Vic Damone, the young singer, was a recent aspirant to the role of Liz's boy friend. He filled most of the specifications, but it turned out that he wasn't romantically interested in Elizabeth (he should be examined) and she wasn't romantically interested in him. Yet eager reporters wrote the friendship up as the hottest thing since electric blankets. . . .

"All I want out of life," says Elizabeth, "is to be happy, to fall in love with a nice boy. I want to have a home. I would rather die than hurt anybody," she vows.

And she means it. She creeps into a small shell when asked why her engagement to Pawley was dissolved, emerging only long enough to hint broadly that she had had her heart broken by the situation. And she intimates strongly that it wasn't the first time, either. Boys, it seems, have hurt her considerably to date.

But what the boys have done to her is nothing compared to what she will do to the boys. At first it will be unwittingly But after it becomes easier, there seems little doubt that Elizabeth will take full advantage of her beauty and ability and play ringmaster to a generation of willing, performing males. THE END

how roy rogers found faith

(*Continued from page 57*) from the theaters where laughing youngsters flocked to see his pictures. It took him into hospital wards where little children incapable of harm or evil were doomed never to run in the sunshine, never to see the lilting capers of a puppy or a kitten at play. Why were these children, guilty of no crime, condemned by an arbitrary God to a life of darkness or chains?

Roy's doubts were crystallized when his own little children were made motherless with the birth of his youngest. He, Roy Rogers, who had brought happiness to so many other children, had to stand by helpless when his own children were saddened by a tragedy for which there could be no reason. The Creator became to him a God of Power instead of a God of Compassion. . . .

Left alone with three children, Roy turned to his closest friends for comfort. And Dale was one of those friends. Comrade and confidante, she in time became indispensable to him—and eventually they realized they were deeply in love. . . .

Roy and Dale were married on New Year's Eve at the ranch home of their friend, Bill Likens, in Oklahoma. It was a happy occasion, with her Tommy—now a handsome teen-ager—there to help them celebrate. It had snowed all day and the wedding party had had a gay time building snow men and rollicking outdoors.

But shortly before the ceremony Dale asked Roy to take a brief walk with her in the snow. And there in the starry, frosty night, just before the year's end and the beginning of their life together, Dale explained to Roy her need for Divine help and told him of her hope that he would join her in bringing up the children in a religious home, that he would go to church, would pray for guidance. Roy pledged this would be so. . . .

In the first year of their marriage, Roy and Dale were both occupied with many and diverse interests. Roy's rodeo tour took a great deal of his time and energy. Dale herself was involved with a radio show, and when Republic decided to bring them together again on the screen as an acting team it meant the usual round of script reading, wardrobe fittings, recordings, conferences, and so forth, were added to Dale's responsibilities of managing a household and bringing up children. But Dale conscientiously went to church every Sunday and packed the children off to Sunday School. Sometimes Roy would go with her—more often not. But Dale bided her time patiently.

Meanwhile, Roy unconsciously developed a heightened interest in spiritual matters. He sought friendship among men of faith. One of his warmest personal friends was a Catholic priest. Others of Jewish, Protestant and non-sectarian faiths joined his circle of friends.

But still he was tormented by the visions of little children in the hospitals punished for no sin of their own. . . .

Countless times Roy has made long-distance trips to homes and hospitals where children lay gravely ill, asking for him. Again and again, when the distance was too great, personal letters have gone out from Roy's office urging children to get well soon, so they might come to California as his guests and ride on Trigger—when all the while there was the vision, heavy on Roy's heart, of the child riding a Palomino off into the ghostly reaches of the sky. . . .

Through all of this Roy developed a feeling of deep humility. "Who am I," he asked himself, "that I should be given



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this power? What have I done, what can I do to merit this devotion?"

Roy now had reached the point in his spiritual development that Dale had reached when she married him. He realized that he could no longer carry this load of responsibility without Divine aid. He had seen Dale develop, through her unassuming faith, into a poised, serene, emotionally-matured woman who radiated an intangible quality of *goodness* that warmed and won not only Roy's children, but everyone who came within her orbit. He knew he needed that serenity. . . .

living religion . . .

And, there in the candlelight of the quiet church, mulling over these thoughts, Roy suddenly and of his own volition made the step which Dale had waited for so hopefully and so patiently.

Religion, with the Rogers, is a living and dynamic thing. Sunday is an occasion looked forward to during the week. Tommy picks up the two older girls and takes them to Sunday school. Roy and Dale follow, leaving Dusty in nursery Sunday school while they attend "Big Church." Afterward they all come home together for a family dinner, discussing with animation all the way home the things they have learned and the impressions they have gained.

But this religious enthusiasm is not limited to Sunday alone. Every day in the week they worship God in large and small ways. Dale has inaugurated the asking of spontaneous blessing each night before dinner. They go by turns around the table, with each member of the family telling in his own words what he has to be thankful for.

"We thank Thee, dear Lord, for skating," Cheryl said one night, expressing appreciation in her own simple way for one of the pleasanter joys of childhood.

Linda Lou puts it even more directly. "Thanks, God," she has said with devout solemnity, "for fun."

Dusty is too young as yet to voice prayers of his own, but he joins Dale in asking the general blessing. "Our Father, we thank Thee," Dale begins—and Dusty chimes in, "for this food."

Every night, when they say their prayers, the Rogers children pray for all children, everywhere. It is as though they were unconsciously seeking to repay the blessings that have been bestowed upon their father.

Roy once gave a group of children at a summer camp his own explanation of why he has been so fortunate in having the affection of so many boys and girls. "I firmly believe," he said, "it's because of what countless children tell me in letters that come to me all the time: 'I say my prayers for you every night.'"

In his moment of deepest humility, Roy turned to their God for guidance.

THE END

(Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans' latest movie is Twilight in the Sierras.)



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movie reviews

(*Continued from page 21*) Colonel Gary Merrill's fault. "Over-identification with his men," he terms it, to his superior officer General Millard Mitchell. "He babies them." Mitchell agrees when Merrill covers for an error made by one of his navigators (the navigator is trying to live down the fact that his parents were German-American Bund members, and Merrill can't stand to see him blamed). Merrill is relieved of his command, and Peck takes over. Peck's soft-hearted too, but he won't let anybody know about it. Goes around breaking soldiers right and left. Makes the most glaring misfits in the group fly a ship called "The Leper Colony." The men hate Peck's iron discipline. They've lost the leader they loved; the navigator, thinking Merrill's removal was his fault, has shot himself. The whole outfit applies for transfer out of Peck's command. Dean Jagger, a "re-tread" from the last war, in charge of paper work, understands what Greg's trying to do, and he holds up the transfers long enough to give Greg the time he needs. Pretty soon the men are whipped into such good shape their losses fall off, they begin to be proud of their record; in their first bombing mission over German soil, all but two ships return. So what happens? Peck begins to follow the pattern set by Merrill. Over-identification with his men. He breaks under the tension of his responsibilities, feels he's a failure. But Merrill sets him straight. "You made those kids grow up," he says, "that's more than I did. Your work is done." Big cast, in a very long, and pretty engrossing war picture.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL

Cast: Danny Kaye, Walter Slezak, Barbara Bates, Elsa Lanchester.
Warners

Danny Kaye, illiterate gypsy, arrives in the town of Brodney at a crucial moment. The Inspector General's rumored to be in the neighborhood. (The Inspector General is Napoleon's man; he has the power to depose grafting public servants, and Brodney's public servants are corruption plus.) Since the Inspector General occasionally shows up in disguise, everybody thinks Danny's It, and Danny's taken to the Mayor's house and given a banquet. Danny's gypsy boss, Yakov (Walter Slezak) sees which way the wind's blowing, and decides to stick around. All the town officials will give bribe money to Danny; Yakov plans to steal the cash and vanish. But Danny wants to help the poor citizens of Brodney, so Yakov anticipates trouble. The mayor's maid (Barbara Bates) fixes things for him by giving Danny a note. The note says "Don't go near the barn tonight. They (the town officials) are planning to murder you." Danny can't read. He gives the note to Yakov. "Lucky fellow," Yakov says cheerfully. "She wants you to meet her in the barn, at midnight." And there you are. Will our Danny lose his head? (The officials have hired an axe-murderer.) Or will his stout heart see him through? The best part of this picture is Danny's singing, or what passes for singing. Whatever you call it, it's hilarious. Get that comic genius up there with a violin or two behind him, and you can forget the plot, the other actors, and what time it is. His wife is still writing his lyrics, and she hasn't lost *her* touch, either.



The Inspector General: It's all a hilarious case of mistaken identity as Danny Kaye is entertained royally by Elsa Lanchester and other townspeople who think he's a visiting dignitary.



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SANDS OF IWO JIMA

Cast: John Wayne, John Agar, Adele Mara, Forrest Tucker.
Republic

Veteran Marine Sergeant John Wayne trains a group of fighters in a camp in New Zealand, but he trains 'em so zealously they all hate his guts. He's a really hard man. Trainee who hates Wayne most is PFC John Agar. Wayne was a great admirer of Agar's late father, a colonel (killed at Guadalcanal) who made Agar's life miserable. (Thought the boy was soft, and never quit beefing about it.) Agar gets a leave, marries Adele Mara, and honeymoons before he and the rest of his squad are shipped to Tarawa. On Tarawa, Wayne's only friend is wounded, but Wayne won't let Agar go fetch him. Wayne wants to take the island, and he can't worry about individual soldiers. After Tarawa's won, the men get a leave in Hawaii, and you discover, through Wayne's encounter with a woman, why he's so inhuman. His own wife left him years before, refused to let him see his son. Now the squad's off to Iwo Jima. On Iwo Jima, Agar becomes the fighter his father always hoped he'd be; he and two other men are chiefly responsible for routing the Japs. The flag-raising on Mt. Suribachi immortalizes the capture of Iwo Jima, Wayne is wounded and dies, and Agar decides he's going to name his son after his father, whom he forgives for being an old Tartar. If you haven't had too many war pictures—well, this one's full of action, and Wayne's always rewarding to watch

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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